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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE PRESIDENT'S VISION

IS IT TRUE OR IS IT ILLUSIVE?

BY THE EDITOR

There is but one cloud upon our horizon.—PRESIDENT WILSON.

So begins the year of Our Lord 1914, in the view of the head of the Nation. Is it a true vision or is it an illusion? Is its genesis to be found in the buoyancy of hope or in deductions from experience? A year hence we shall know. To-day we are restricted to conjecture. But, since prudence demands preparedness, let us pause for a moment at this milestone in our National progress and reflect upon conditions which seem to be alive with prospects of good and ill.

Turning our eyes from the blackness upon the Southern horizon to which the President refers, what do we behold? A really cloudless sky? If seemingly not, what are the portents to be recognized, to the end that evils may be averted? May not menace to National well-being lurk in possibilities such as these:

(1) Subversion of the Constitution.
(2) Foreign entanglements.
(3) Business depression.
(4) Class legislation.
(5) Defeat of the Administration.

Here surely are clouds to be dispelled if the Republic, as

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imaged by its founders, is to endure. But are they as dark with foreboding as they seem to be? May we not hope that, a year hence, they will have been effectually dispersed under the wise and firm guidance of a far-sighted Chief Magistrate? Consider in turn.

(1) Subversion of the Constitution.

"I feel confident," said the President to the Congress, "that I do not misinterpret the wishes or the expectations of the country when I urge the prompt enactment of legislation which will provide for primary elections throughout the country, at which the voters of the various parties may choose their nominees for the Presidency without the intervention of nominating conventions,"—and the Democratic Congress cheered loudly. It was a play to the People, to the Masses, to the Majority; it was appropriated boldly from the Progressives and was thought to be popular. That was all, but that was enough. The merits and demerits—for some there are—of the proposal called for no elucidation. To the mind of the President, and apparently to the minds of the Democrats in Congress, it was a subject which the President believed could be "handled promptly and without controversy of any kind." Therein, as the attitude manifested by the Press quickly showed, he erred. The revolution may be effected, but clearly not "without controversy of any kind." Too many persons, as sincere and patriotic as Mr. Wilson himself, gravely question both the advisability and the practicability of a change tending so pointedly from representative government to a pure democracy.

So, too, in our judgment, will misgivings arise in the minds of those cheering Southern Democrats when once they awake to the fact that Federal supervision of nominations inevitably involves Federal supervision of elections. Universal Presidential primaries may come, perhaps should come—we are not now discussing the proposition—but, if so, they will be realized through State, not through National, legislation. The South will see to that.

The disquieting feature of this suggestion lies not in its inherent quality, good or bad, but in the mode of its presentation. That one political party should steal a popular shibboleth from another is not surprising, but that a Democratic President should emulate a law-detesting rival for future honors in calmly ignoring the Constitution is as

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amazing as it was obviously unexpected by the country. Surely Mr. Wilson must be aware, not only that our fundamental law affords no warrant for enactment of such legislation as he proposes, but also that the rights of the States in the premises have been upheld by the Courts over and over again. Clearly, if he felt it to be incumbent upon himself to urge a change, his proper course was to recommend the submission of an Amendment, thereby conforming strictly to his oath to " protect, preserve, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Moreover, there was no need so far as his own party is concerned, since its National Committee had already been directed by its representatives assembled in convention to require that " the selection of delegates and alternates be made through a primary election conducted by the party organization in each State where such expression and election are not provided for by State law."

Since, then, the legislation proposed was unnecessary, could not be effected in the face of certain opposition from the South and, upon its face, would be pronounced unconstitutional, the only possible conclusion is that the President either was willing to "find a way" to subvert the Constitution or that he advanced a revolutionary proposition solely for political effect. Happily, the outcome is limited by both law and fact to the quite negligible consequence of a purely academic suggestion.

(2) Foreign entanglements.

It is a cardinal principle of foreign Powers, and of Great Britain particularly, to protect the persons and properties of their citizens the world over. The patience which they have manifested, at our solicitation, at the devastation in Mexico is unprecedented, as an evidence of special consideration. But how long can it be maintained by any government, however friendly? How soon will it cease to be regarded as a virtue by a powerful Opposition? The Tory journals of England are becoming more critical daily, French newspapers are drawing sharp contrasts between the " ineffectual idealism " of our " watchful waiting " and the shocking brutalities which characterize the fighting in Mexico, and the spokesmen of Germany constantly and caustically inquire how we can justify the policy announced by the President at Mobile.

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And how, in truth, can we? Because foreign investors have driven hard bargains in South America in the past, are we warranted in prohibiting the granting of concessions which presumably tend to development of resources in the future?

"What these states are going to see," declared the President, "is an emancipation from the subordination, which has been inevitable, to foreign enterprises. . . . I rejoice in nothing so much as in the prospect that they will now be emancipated from these conditions, and we ought to be the first to take part in assisting in that emancipation."

"It is a policy," added Secretary Bryan, "that has been substituted for Dollar Diplomacy. The foreign capitalist has too often been a disturbing factor in Latin America."

Now what can this mean? That literally we shall forbid South American governments to make further concessions to European capitalists? Or merely that we shall insist upon supervising the trades and fixing the terms? Countries like Peru and Ecuador and Bolivia cannot uncover their vast resources without the use of quantities of money which they themselves do not possess. If they are not to be allowed to obtain the requisite capital from England or France or Germany, upon the best terms they can make, where are they to get it? Surely not from the Treasury of the United States. Not even Secretary Bryan would propose that. From American investors, then, upon most modest terms fixed by the State Department? Hardly! Our people have never shown a disposition to embark in South American enterprises, even when offered the extraordinary inducements which attracted foreigners. Are they likely now to hazard their fortunes for profits not only prospective but restricted, in far-off lands, when billions of tested securities at home are awaiting absorption? Whence, then, is the "emancipation" by considerate lenders at easy rates to come?

Is it emancipation? Is it not enslavement? By what conceivable right or upon what fancied theory can the United States assume a suzerainty so complete and so far-reaching? That is the question which some South American or European government is bound to raise, and soon, too, with respect to a definite transaction. What will be the answer of the Administration? What can it be? Shall we, if pressed, recede from the Mobile Declaration? Or shall we fight, if

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need be, in defense of a doctrine which is obviously untenable? In either case, how would Bolivia or Ecuador or Peru profit from such interposition in favor of " human rights, national integrity, and opportunity as against material interests "?

We cannot but conclude that President Wilson did not perceive the ending of this extraordinary proposition when he launched its beginning. And we can but hope that contingencies likely to result in embarrassment, if not humiliation, to both the country and himself may not arise.

(3) Business depression.

The Secretary of the Treasury, in his first report made to Congress on December 3rd, recalls that " a feeling of unrest began to pervade business circles last April," and congratulates the country upon the immediate effect of his own alertness in announcing that $500,000,000 of emergency currency provided by the Aldrich-Vreeland Act would be issued forthwith, if the banks should require it to "ease the situation." The relief, he declares, was " instantaneous "; that is, the banks did not need the emergency currency, did not ask for it, and so none was issued. In brief, there was no money stringency, such as he had shrewdly suspected, calling for his somewhat precipitate announcement.

But idle and available funds are ever the *bête noire* of a promoter, and the eager Secretary could not rest easy until he had scattered some of the cash at his disposal among the people. Having heard somewhere that money was required to move the crops, he invited, or rather requested, Western and Southern banks to accept the use of $50,000,000 from the Treasury vaults. Considerations of partisanship were rigidly excluded from the generous proposal. " It was essential," said the Secretary in his report, " that the action of the Department should be non-partisan and non-political; the crops of Republicans, Democrats, Progressives, and all other classes of people had to be moved, and the earnest effort of the Department was to have the benefits of this action diffused as widely and impartially as possible." Who comprise " the other classes " can only be imagined. Socialists and Prohibitionists, we suppose. In any case, the Secretary firmly informs us that he frowned severely upon any suggestion that the money be tendered exclusively to original Wilson Democrats. Clearly, such a proceeding did

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not comport with his conception of the duty of a Secretary of the Treasury—for which, of course, we are duly thankful; but, in all candor and sorrow, was ever such witless demagogy?

Be that as it may have been, a sufficient number of bankers yielded to temptation to take thirty-five of the fifty millions urged upon them, used it as they saw fit; and the Secretary is now waiting for it to be "gradually repaid." The fact, of course, is that there was no occasion to make these unusual deposits. There was no currency famine at crop-moving time and there is none now.

It is not lack of money that makes for the existing depression in business; it is lack of confidence. Nothing could be more fallacious than the notion which apparently possesses this Administration that expansion of credits is the sole requisite of commercial activities. The real essential is a market. Prudent manufacturers do not borrow money, even when they can obtain it upon easy terms, for the sake of paying interest, they seek it only when they can use it to advantage in providing goods that can be sold promptly and profitably. All such felt that revival of demand might ensue almost immediately from final enactment of the new Tariff Bill and acted accordingly, greatly to the satisfaction of those who had insisted that no untoward consequences would flow from a mere change of rates. But the happy moment arrived and nothing happened. Merchants not only continued to doubt the wisdom of filling their shelves, but as sales gradually diminished they began to cancel orders increasingly, to the end that, in the latter part of November, there came about what Mr. Samuel Untermyer depicted in his speech to the Economic Club of Springfield as "a sudden and alarming cessation of business activities all over the country," hardly, if ever, precedented in the history of our industries.

The consequence is that business in all lines is, to-day, at a standstill. And the worst of it is that it is no mere depression; it is positive dejection. The very spirit of enterprise seems to have evaporated for the time. Nobody is even trying to do things. The common disposition is to retrench in every direction, to take no chances while holding fast to such certainties as may exist and generally to adopt a policy of what the President would designate as "watchful waiting."

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The President himself is convinced that prompt passage of the Currency Bill would start the wheels of industry a-whirling. We doubt it for many reasons, not the least of which is that the sole basis upon which he rests his sanguine anticipation is that it is only necessary "to set credit free from arbitrary and artificial restraints." That is a desirable thing to do, no doubt, and certain ultimately to prove advantageous. But radical revolution of a delicate and complex financial system cannot be encompassed so completely as to produce marked benefits in a month or perhaps in a year. Assuming the passage of the most nearly perfect measure that could be devised by the wit of man, time must be had for adjustment of the many parts of the intricate machinery. Moreover, if, as we have assumed and believe, the present unhappy state of affairs is attributable far less to lack of credits than to lack of confidence, practically no immediate relief can be anticipated from the source to which the President pins his faith.

So far from attempting to affix the blame for the plight in which the country finds itself, we frankly cannot perceive even now how it could have been averted. But none can deny that the condition exists nor that the cloud which represents it is much larger than a man's hand and shows no signs of diminishing.

(4) Class legislation.

Commenting upon the passage, as an Administration measure, of the "rider" to the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill forbidding the use of money therein appropriated for prosecuting labor unions and farmers' associations for violating the law, we said in this REVIEW for November:

In brief, the proviso was regarded by its sponsors as a mere precursor of a definite amendment of the "substantive statutes" to exempt one class from the punishment visited upon all other classes for criminal offenses against the law. Already signs appear that, encouraged by President Wilson's attitude, Mr. Gompers intends to urge this explicit proposal upon Congress at the coming regular session, in conformity with the prediction of Senator Hughes. The inevitableness of this consequence of the President's action was apparent from the beginning. It becomes evident, therefore, that unless the President can and will control and chain the forces opposed to the fundamental principle of "equal rights for all" which he himself has unloosed, the country will very soon face a determined struggle for class domination whose outcome every patriotic citizen must contemplate with the gravest foreboding.

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This prediction was fulfilled promptly upon the first day of the regular session, when identical bills were introduced in the Senate by Mr. Bacon and in the House by Representative Bartlett, who championed the "rider" to the Urgent Deficiency Bill, re-establishing the spoils system in the Internal Revenue department. The proposal is entitled: "A bill to make lawful certain agreements between employees and laborers engaged in agriculture or horticulture, and to limit the issuing of injunctions in certain cases, and for other purposes." It provides:

First. That it shall not be unlawful for persons employed or seeking employment to enter into any arrangements, agreements, or combinations with the view of lessening the hours of labor, or of increasing their wages, or of bettering their condition; nor shall any arrangements, agreements, or combinations be unlawful among persons engaged in horticulture or agriculture when made with the view of enhancing the price of agricultural or horticultural products.

Second. No Federal Judge or court may issue any injunction in any labor dispute or with respect to any agreement or combination to fix the prices of agricultural products unless to prevent irreparable injury to property or a property right of the person making the application for which there is no adequate remedy at law.

Third. That this prohibition is modified by providing that for the purpose of the act certain fundamental rights of property shall not be considered such under certain circumstances, that is, the right to employ or be employed, or to change these relations and assume new relations of employer and employee, or to carry on business with any person in any place, or to earn one's living as an employee, shall be personal and not property rights; and

Fourth. That persons at work or seeking work shall neither be indicted, prosecuted, or tried in any Federal court for entering into any kind of an agreement or combination to better their working conditions or for enhancing the price of agricultural products unless any act which they do in pursuance of their combinations or agreements would be in itself unlawful.

Whatever doubts may have arisen in President Wilson's mind respecting the "intent" of the Congress in enacting the Sundry Civil proviso, which he himself put forward, there can be no possible question of the purpose of this measure. It is direct and explicit. It not only removes every form of conspiracy and combination of labor unions and farmers' associations from the Sherman Act, but it guarantees immunity to both from either civil or criminal liability under every Federal law upon the statute-books. President Taft pronounced its insinuating precursor which President Wilson signed "class legislation of the most

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vicious sort." Writing of the Pearre Bill, which embodied the same provisions and was rejected in 1908, President Roosevelt declared unhesitatingly in his Message to the Sixtieth Congress that it "represented a course of policy which, if carried out, would mean the enthronement of class privilege in its crudest and most brutal form and the destruction of one of the most essential forms of the judicial protection in all civilized lands."

The proposal is so plainly abhorrent to the American principle of equality before the law that explication seems unnecessary. Suffice it to say, for the present, at least, that the Bill introduced by Senator Bacon and Representative Bartlett was, in fact, formulated by the American Federation of Labor under the direction of Mr. Gompers, precisely as we foretold.

Simultaneously, Representative Robert L. Henry, Chairman of the powerful Committee on Rules, added to the amendments to the Sherman Act, which he introduced on December 1st, the following:

> Section 10. That nothing in said Act is intended nor shall any provision thereof hereafter be enforced, so as to apply to members of organizations or associations not for profit and without capital, or to agricultural products, or live stock, in the hands of the producer or raisers.

Here again is complete exemption to be accorded without reserve or qualification by "substantive law." Representative Henry justified his action in the following statement to the Press:

> Section 10 provides that the Act shall not apply to members of organizations not for profit and without capital stock, or to agricultural products or live stock in the hands of the producer or raiser. The exception is deemed proper for the simple reason that, under an appropriation bill recently passed and *signed by the President*, Congress provided that no part of a fund appropriated and placed at the disposal of the Attorney-General should be used in the prosecution of those belonging to labor organizations, etc. This shows the national will and intent as expressed by Congress.

Mr. Henry's deduction is entirely logical. If it was proper to withhold funds for prosecution of a class from one appropriation bill, it is equally right to withhold them from all. Mr. Henry's bestowal of responsibility for such proposals upon the President also is fully warranted. He might indeed have gone further and said with absolute truth "instigated" as well as "signed" by the President.

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The Henry Bill is not the Administration measure. That is yet to be formulated to conform to the promised Message. But nothing could be plainer than that the time is distressingly close at hand when President Wilson must choose between disappointing the powerful class whose hopes of special favor he himself has raised and fulfilling his own solemn pledge to the American people to oppose with all his strength "every form of special privilege and exemptions" while holding himself as President dedicated to "the common as against any particular interest whatever."

Is not here a cloud upon President Wilson's sky which cannot be descried, say, upon Mr. Taft's or, perhaps more significantly, upon Mr. Roosevelt's?

(5) Defeat of the Administration.

It is an Administration Congress. President Wilson assumed command, as leader of his party, immediately upon his election, and he has maintained his authority by sheer driving force, supplemented by discriminating use of patronage. No signs appear that his hold will be weakened or that his predominancy will be seriously questioned during the present session. Inevitably, therefore, and more specifically, perhaps, than ever before the country will render a verdict upon the Administration at the Congressional elections in November of the coming year. If the Democrats carry the House of Representatives, the President will have won a notable victory; if they fail to hold a majority, he will have suffered an irreparable defeat. There is no question in our mind as to how the people would vote to-day. They would sustain the Administration, not merely through a division of the opposition, but gladly and avowedly as a tribute to Mr. Wilson's earnestness and devotion to duty, and to give him full opportunity to develop his policies. The vital result in November will be determined wholly by what shall be done affirmatively and what shall happen incidentally in the mean time.

What are the prospects in the light of past experiences and present conditions? The House now comprises 291 Democrats and 144 Republicans (including the few Progressives and as of the beginning of Congress). The Democratic majority—147—is so great that a reversal in two short years seems to be practically inconceivable. But let us see. In 1886 the Democrats retained the control they had won in

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1884, along with the election of Mr. Cleveland, but their majority shrank from 84 to a scant 15. In 1892 they swept the country, only, as a consequence of tariff legislation and hard times, to reap disaster two years later. The comparison is striking:

	Democrats.	Republicans.
House elected in 1892	220	126
House elected in 1894	104	246

During those two years the Democrats lost 116 members out of 220. If, this year, they should lose 74 members out of 291, they would forfeit control of the House of Representatives and of all legislation.

The fact, too, must not be overlooked that the majority in 1892 was a real majority won against a united opposition, whereas the present majority is only apparent. Just as Mr. Wilson is a plurality President, so is the Democratic House a plurality House. If Republicans and Progressives had voted together in 1912, they would have had a majority of 12 in the present House.

Take New York as an example. Its delegation stands: Democrats, 32; Republicans, 11. A fusion of Republicans and Progressives would have resulted: Democrats, 16; Opposition, 27. New Jersey is represented by 11 Democrats and 1 Republican. Fusion of Republicans and Progressives would have elected 5 Democrats and 8 Opposition.

True, a complete union of Republicans and Progressives at the forthcoming elections is beyond power of accomplishment, even though an understanding should be reached by the leaders. With only Republicans and Democrats in the race, a certain proportion of the Progressive vote would go to the Wilson candidates. Whether this percentage would suffice to offset the effect of Democratic disaffection in States like New York and Illinois is a question. Whether it would overcome the far greater and incalculable consequence of continuing and increasing business depression, lack of employment for hundreds of thousands of workingmen and disgust at income taxation, added to the normal reaction which invariably follows a Presidential victory, is even more problematical. Enough has been said, in any case, to show that little dependence can be put upon faith in maintaining a majority simply because it is large; the record of 1894 indicates how quickly it may disappear entirely. Nor, in our humble judgment, should too much

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reliance be placed upon a continuance of Mr. Roosevelt's obduracy. None realizes better than that most astute of politicians that, to win the Presidency in 1916, he must (1) defeat Mr. Wilson in the Congressional elections and incapacitate him for the remainder of his term, (2) avert further disclosure of the numerical weakness of his own party, and (3) reconcile Republicans and business men generally to his candidacy. For ourselves, we shall be greatly surprised if the movement looking to a union of forces already inaugurated by Mr. Roosevelt's personal lieutenant, Comptroller Prendergast of New York City, does not eventuate in sharply drawn lines between the Democratic party and the Opposition in the coming November elections.

This is but political speculation, to be sure; it could hardly be magnified, therefore, into a cloud upon the horizon of a properly sanguine President; but, as what they upon the golf-links call a fine Scotch mist, we confidently reckon its claim to be worthy of passing consideration.

We shall not dwell upon other causes of disquietude which readily occur to mind. We wish that we could share the President's apparent optimism, and would be the last to increase his difficulties by direful prophecies. But it is necessary to recognize conditions if we would overcome them, and it is idle to deny that the situation at the beginning of this fateful year is one calling for the exercise of supreme wisdom, rare courage, and patient tolerance. The truth is that the duties and responsibilities of a President of the United States have grown to be almost greater than one man should be called upon to bear. And Mr. Wilson, by temperament, by inclination, and by circumstance, stands singularly alone. Of his chief official aides and advisers, barring Mr. Bryan, who has constituted himself a sort of President Emeritus, but two—the Attorney-General and the Secretary of War—have so far impressed upon the country a sense of their full fitness for the headship of great Departments.

That the President himself has erred grievously in some respects we have felt impelled to indicate as clearly as might be, to obviate, if possible, unfortunate repetitions, but much, very much, is atoned for by his extraordinary faithfulness to duty. We doubt if among all of Mr. Wilson's predecessors can be named a President who gave himself so completely, so unsparingly, to his work. He need

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have no apprehension whatever that the country fails to recognize and appreciate to the utmost his really splendid application to the public service, but the fact that self-sacrifice such as this merits exceptional consideration cannot be too frequently or too strongly emphasized.

We cannot but believe that defeat of the Administration in November would be a National calamity. We sincerely hope, therefore, that the clouds which we seem to perceive may disappear like mists from the face of the sea; that peace may be unbroken, that prosperity may be restored, and that the spirit of contentment may again possess the souls of men in this most blessed of lands in a Happy New Year.

ENTERING SECTION NO. 1914

THE signal is set and the train stops abruptly at the beginning of Section 1914. Five minutes for scrutiny of self and examination of trunks full of deeds! Can we pass the Customs unscathed? Shall we read approval in the eyes of the Great Commissioner of Humanity?

Years ago a wise man dreamed a dream. He, too, was a passenger on the main line of life and awoke with a start when the halt came. The travelers who alighted were of all sorts and conditions. There were ministers of state and titled personages, archbishops and bishops, opulent men and sumptuously attired ladies, from the Pullmans; an English duke and his duchess and an American millionaire and his vivacious second wife from their private cars. There were salesmen and farmers, scholars and editors, artists and writers, secretaries and typists, workingmen and tired women, beggars and thieves, from the coaches.

All were eager to hasten onward to their destinations and all were provoked by the delay. The ministers grumbled, the millionaires swore, the vulgar women scolded, even the high-born ladies betrayed impatience. Only the laborers and school-boys joked and laughed while they jostled their neighbors, while those of broken spirits, the poverty-stricken, the sick and needy, the worn and weary, were dully indifferent. But one of all the number seemed buoyed by hope and expectancy. She was a distinguished-looking lady in deep mourning. Her husband, it appeared, had been

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stopped at the same station not long before and she thought it possible that she might see him again. The station-master looked at her more gently than at the others. She had said nothing, but he knew what was in her mind, and the irony passed out of his face. To those who complained most loudly of their detention and demanded to know why they were not sent forward he said curtly, "You will see."

Presently a bell rang and the door of the customs-house was flung open. The impatient travelers crowded inside and began an eager search for their belongings. In vain. The station-master announced dryly that the luggage would be forwarded by the next train. The late owners would have no further use for it, and it would be delivered to their friends. What could this mean? Before a single passenger could voice his amazement and indignation, each beheld upon the long table a plain box labeled with his name. The lids flew off, and, within, instead of clothes and hats and jewelry, were samples of work done by each for the general good—how much he had done for society and how much he had received in return. None, it appeared, could proceed if the balance were against him.

Immediately a well-dressed gentleman, supported by others of like appearance, protested. He had been amply provided for from birth, he had lived as became a gentleman, he had never robbed or cheated, he had paid handsomely for what he consumed, he had given generously, he had kept the Commandments according to the interpretation put upon them by his class, he had never been told that he must work, as one compelled to earn a living; why should he? The whole proceeding was an indefensible outrage. He would appeal to a higher court.

"Ladies and gentlemen," sighed the official, "there can be no appeal from a law of nature. There are but three ways of living: by working, by stealing, or by begging. Those who have not lived by the first have lived by one of the other two, for not a meal can be had that some one has not worked to produce."

So a large majority of the Pullman passengers and even the duke and his duchess were told to stand aside, and the thieves and vagabonds came forward. Their plea was simple enough. They had not sought existence, but, having been brought into the world against their wish, the world owed them a living and they must get it as best they could.

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"We have heard that before," was all the official deigned to reply.

Then up spoke an earnest-looking man whose work had borne inspection better than that of most of the others. So far as he was concerned, the examiners might spare their labor. He had no excuses to offer. From his earliest years he had known what he ought to do, and in no instance had completely done it. He had conquered some faults, but his power of acting had never been able to keep up with his constantly growing knowledge. The sense of his shortcomings became stronger daily. Indeed, he had come to realize that the very best he could do would be unworthy of acceptance—and none knew better than he that he seldom did even that. He had been told that, if he abandoned claim on the score of his own merit, he might be received for the sake of what another had done. He hoped this was true. It was his only chance.

The chief examiner listened attentively; then, looking kindly at him, replied:

"We do not expect impossibilities, and we do not blame you for not having accomplished what was beyond your strength. Human beings are born ignorant and helpless. At first they cannot do rightly at all. They improve under teaching and practice. They learn to walk by falling down. They learn to live aright by going wrong. We do not record his early sins against a man if he has been honestly trying to improve himself, whether he fully succeeds or not. No one has power to fulfil the law completely. Therefore, it is no crime in him if he fails. We reckon as faults only those which spring from idleness, wilfulness, selfishness, and deliberate preference of evil to good. Each is judged according to what he has received."

Thereupon the decrees were entered and all went their various ways. The duchess was sent to begin her life again in a laborer's cottage, finally to become a housemaid. The fine gentleman was made a plowboy. The preachers were to become mechanics; the artists, blacksmiths; and so on down the line to the thieves and cheats who had attributed their sinning to poverty. They were to awake in palaces surrounded with luxury.

"They will all be here again in a few years," the station-master said, "and it will be the same story over again. They have been tried in all positions, and there is still

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nothing to show, nothing but complaints of circumstances. Some of the worst, I have known made at last into pigs and geese, to be fatted up and eaten, and made of use in that way. Others have become asses, condemned to carry heavy burdens, to be beaten with sticks, and to breed asses like themselves for a hundred generations. All finally take the shape that suits their character. For my part, I would put most of them out altogether; but that is not for me to say."

So ended the dream of the great nobleman or of the archbishop, or of both, as recounted at much greater length by Mr. Froude.

It is a striking allegory and characteristic of the dour man who conceived it. But Mr. Froude lived and died solely in his quite wonderful mind, and even that was analytical rather than philosophical, despite his own belief to the contrary. Whether he was born incapacitated for affection, or so abundantly endowed with the power of reasoning that his natural instincts became blunted in later life, is wholly conjectural. It seems strange that his nature should have been so little influenced by his own matchless transcript of the powerful argument of Origen in reply to Celsus, which stands to this day as the deductive basis of the Christian religion. For Froude was no scoffer. How sympathetically, almost tenderly, he speaks of the discouraged man who found his last hope in the assurance that, regardless of his own shortcomings, he might be received for the sake of what another had done! And then his sigh of relief at the station-master's final declaration that, however just might be the sentences which he would impose upon faultful humans, it was not, after all, for him to say! Here appear most vividly signs of innate simplicity and sincerity of spirit.

What Froude lacked apparently was faith. He should have accompanied Saul on that most famous and inspiring of journeys from Jerusalem to Damascus and learned to ask, with the great Apostle, in deep humility, yet unafraid, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" That is what is happening really, increasingly, and notably throughout our own country to-day. More and more, men and women are realizing that they can do little for themselves except as they do for others. It is a new kind of personal service that is coming to possess the minds and hearts of our people—a kind that finds its impulse less in a sense of arduous

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duty and more in a spirit of keen desire. In the face of so glowing a fact as this, the fretfulness and envies and mutual distrusts which we cannot but perceive and lament become as the merest trifles dotting the way of constantly advancing civilization. No; as a nation and a people we can pass the Customs at the end of Section 1913, if not unscathed, at least without severe reproach.

The track is clear. Send on the train!

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not broken itself up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of Truth;
Where tireless striving reaches its arms toward perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dry habit;
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action;
Into that haven of Freedom, O Lord, let my country awake!"

AFTER HUERTA, WHO?

We quote from the Utica *Observer:*

It is necessary in preparing articles for a monthly publication to do so some weeks in advance of their issue, and one who reads the current number of The North American Review will be astonished in the perusal of this article of Colonel Harvey's, as it is written from the standpoint of some weeks ago; and as luck would have it, Colonel Harvey's predictions and estimates have failed to materialize. His forecast as to the sequence of events fails in every particular, and his positive assertion as to the fate of President Wilson's Mexican policy falls flat. . . .

All of which shows how very short-sighted a man will be, even though he may be a student of the affairs of the time and the directing mind of a publication of such pretensions as The North American Review. . . .

It may be believed that Colonel Harvey will in the future pay more attention to the cultivation of foresight and not be quite so ready to attack those measures upon which Woodrow Wilson has given his deepest thought and most careful study.

Our contemporary errs entirely with respect to the facts. The only "forecast" we made was implied in the assertion that the inevitable effect of President Wilson's original insistence was to rivet Huerta in his place, "there to remain, in all probability, until removed by force of arms." If there

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now exists any ground for reversal of that judgment, it is not discernible.

We said the President's policy had failed. What was that policy? It was set forth clearly in the conditions prescribed by Mr. Wilson and made known to Huerta by Mr. John Lind, to wit: (a) to cease fighting, (b) to give security for an early and free election, (c) Huerta to bind himself not to be a candidate, and (d) all parties to agree to abide by the result. This virtual ultimatum was delivered in August. It is now December and fighting is more general than ever, there has been no election of an executive, Huerta is still President, and no one of the parties will agree to abide by any result except the establishment of its own complete supremacy. If that is not failure of a plan, what is it?

No doubt the President gave the subject his best thought and study, as he should have done, but the outcome remains the same. The fact is, as we pointed out and as Dr. Theodore S. Woolsey, Professor Emeritus of International Law in Yale University, states more bluntly, the Administration "started wrong" and has felt obliged to persist in its course. "So far as the American public has been informed," Dr. Woolsey continues, "this is the sum and substance of Wilson's policy—never to recognize Huerta nor his Congress—and for the reason that Huerta is so bad a man. Meanwhile, the Administration, upheld by its good intentions, optimistic that Huerta, under the weight of disapproval, will climb down from his high horse, is exposing itself to the derision of an uncharitable world. . . . Our policy should be to strengthen somebody in Mexico, not to weaken everybody; to build up, not to pull down. In refusing *ever* to recognize Huerta, the Administration has violated our usage and the dictates of common sense. Is it honest enough and strong enough to correct its blunder? There is an obstinacy of strength; there is also an obstinacy of weakness."

These are vigorous words from our highest authority; too vigorous, it seems to us, in one particular. It is quite true that "an uncharitable world" has questioned somewhat sharply the wisdom and practicability of Mr. Wilson's departure from precedent in international usage, but nobody to our knowledge has "derided" it. On the contrary, his purpose and effort have been commended abroad generally

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and in England notably. In our own country, too, the universal disposition has been and still is to hope for a satisfactory outcome. Mr. Taft voiced this common sentiment admirably and manfully in a public speech, despite his reference, which seemed to us hardly called for, to the President's policy as "whatever it may be." The warrant for the observation may have been sufficiently apparent, but it was somewhat of a pity to mar a generous declaration with what many could but regard as a covert, though gentle, sneer.

Moreover, the policy itself is plain enough. It is, as the President frankly said in his Message, one of "watchful waiting" until something shall happen. "And then, when the end comes"—*i. e.*, when Huerta shall be deposed—"we shall hope to see constitutional order restored in distressed Mexico by the concert and energy of such of her leaders as prefer the liberty of their people to their own ambitions." In other words, the Administration believes that it is only a question of time when the rebels, or self-called Constitutionalists, will succeed by force where moral suasion failed and will put out the dictator. It will then meet the situation as it shall then exist. Meanwhile, there is nothing that it can do or ought to do beyond what it is doing in safeguarding, so far as possible, the lives and properties of Americans and foreigners.

However unfortunate this Micawber-like programme may be, we are committed to it, and that is the end of the matter. Here caviling, in such a situation, is wholly idle and might easily come to be regarded with justice as unpatriotic.

This fetches us to the question now on everybody's lips! After Huerta, What? Or should we say, Whom? Because such a thing as free government by the expressed will and consent of the people in Mexico to-day is simply inconceivable. Nobody understands this better than Mr. Wilson himself. Nobody has expressed the fact more truly or more exactly than he did when he wrote some years ago:

> Self-government is not a thing that can be "given" to any people, because it is a form of character and not a form of constitution. No people can be "given" the self-control of maturity. Only a long apprenticeship of obedience can secure them the precious possession.

That is what the Mexican people must have—"a long apprenticeship of obedience" to law and order. And some one, backed up by the United States, must enforce that

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obedience for a period of years. The President thinks that unselfish leaders may spring up out of the ground—men who "prefer the liberty of their people to their own ambitions." Maybe so, but we doubt it. The three men in sight now are Villa and Zapata, two of the most bloodthirsty bandits the world has ever known, and Carranza—the amiable Carranza. What of him? The correspondent of the London *Times* found him an agreeable person, of studious countenance, gentle voice, and impaired physical vitality. "It must be by force of character and intellect," the writer noted, "that he has reached his present dangerously high position." He continues:

"I am the only leader recognized as supreme by all the chiefs of the revolution," Carranza told me in his quiet, measured speech, not with pride, but as one upon whom a heavy responsibility lay. "What we fight for is the Constitution of our country and the development of our people. Huerta outraged the Constitution when he overthrew and murdered President Madero. He continues to outrage it by attempting to govern despotically as Diaz did, and refusing to administer fairly the laws, which are equal for all. This revolution cannot cease until either we, the Constitutionalists, triumph, or until Huerta triumphs completely over us. Even in the latter case it would only cease for the moment. It has its roots in social causes. The land, which was formerly divided among the mass of the people, has been seized by a few. The owners of it compel those who are working for them to buy the necessities of life from them alone. They lay a burden of debt upon the poor people and make them virtually slaves, for as long as the people owe them money they cannot go away. If they try to go away, they can be brought back. They can be put in prison. Another cause of the revolution is the growth of a middle class. Formerly there were only the rich and the poor. Now there is a class in between which does not like to see the poor oppressed: which knows what democracy and social reforms mean in other countries, and which is resolved to take successive steps forward in the direction of complete self-government."

"Have you any definite plans for land reform and other reforms?" I inquired.

He thought a moment. Then he replied: "The first necessity is the fair and free election of a President. The election which is proposed now will be a farce. In the disturbed state of our country it is impossible to hold a proper election. Large numbers of voters will not know anything about it. We Constitutionalists refuse to recognize any President who may be returned at the fraudulent election. We shall execute anybody who does recognize him."

"I beg your pardon," I said. "Would you kindly repeat your last statement?" I thought I must have misunderstood it.

"We shall," the General said, calmly, and as if he were making a perfectly natural remark, "execute any one who recognizes a President unconstitutionally elected and directly or indirectly guilty of participation in the murder of Madero."

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To hear this amiable, scholarly old gentleman define so bloodthirsty and to us so utterly unreasonable a line of action made me feel as if I were dreaming. It threw a strange light upon his profession of belief in democracy. I have no doubt that he sincerely imagines himself a believer in that creed. I am sure that the best of his followers are equally sincere, though of course there are many who fight simply because they prefer disorder and make a profit out of looting. The very fact that the party calls itself the "Constitutionalistas" and not the "Carranzistas" proves that it follows a principle rather than a man. But the discrepancy between their professions and their avowed policy shows how far the mentality of Mexico is distant from that of Europe and the United States, and how impossible it is to apply to it, as President Wilson persists in doing, the same tests and the same standards which obtain in countries where the idea of self-government is a plant of mature growth.

It is the custom of the Constitutionalists and Federals alike to execute all the general and field officers who are captured; sometimes other officers, and even men. They justify this by reference to a law of 1862 against fomenting treason. Each side calls the other side "traitors," and the only course to take with a "traitor"—that is, a man who differs from your views—is to shoot him. Several Mexicans have quite seriously told me that Madero failed simply because he tried to make terms with supporters of the old régime of Diaz and his *cientificos* (so his ministers were derisively called) instead of killing them. They are mistaken. Madero failed chiefly because he was a bundle of nerves and what Americans call a "crank," and because he promised what he could not possibly perform. He made the poor *peons* think they would immediately be given the equivalent of the English peasant's "three acres and a cow," and they turned against him when they awakened from the dream. But the blame cast upon him for not "removing his enemies" is a sign-post toward understanding the Mexican mind.

Subsequently, writing with like naïveté to the Governor of Arizona in defense of Villa's murdering of prisoners, the benign Carranza said:

With strict deference to the law provided the Huertista officers were tried and executed in the city of Juarez. Among them were some who had been captured at Torreon by this same General Villa, who, after pardoning them, agreed that they should be enlisted by our forces. Thereafter they endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to create a defection of the men whom I intrusted to their command, finally deserting to re-engage in crime.

"It is true," the kindly old gentleman continued, "that the established principles observed in international wars extend to prisoners the privilege of pardon or immunity from bodily harm, but in civil struggles the most civilized nations in all ages have employed more rigorous and bloody means even than we have been compelled to adopt. And with reference to the executions of the officers in the city of

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Juarez, there should be perceived not any needless cruelty visited upon prisoners of war, but merely such punishment as was prescribed by the law applicable to offenders against the public peace and safety."

He concluded with the simple statement that he found it necessary to be "somewhat strict in the enforcement of the law of Juarez"; that is, in killing prisoners taken in battle and in "executing any one who recognizes a President unconstitutionally elected." Further revelation of the character of the amiable Carranza is hardly necessary.

High-minded, noble, and humane leaders such as President Wilson has in his mind's eye there may be in Mexico; but if so they have not yet put themselves in evidence.

There seems to be nothing for it, then, but to wait and watch and drift until foreign governments demand action or until somebody performs a miracle.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PEOPLE

UNDOUBTEDLY the most vital practical problem now pressing for resolution is that involved in the proposed increase of freight railway rates throughout the country. It is not merely "The Plight of the Railways" that Mr. Lauck sets forth so comprehensively and so admirably elsewhere in this REVIEW; it is the plight of the country and, in a sense, of the Administration. Technically, to be sure, the matter is to be determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission, but since a majority of the members of that Commission are about to be appointed by the President, and since, rightly or wrongly, he will be held largely responsible for the decision, the closeness of the relationship is manifest.

One has but to read Mr. Lauck's article to appreciate the many phases and perplexities which must be taken into consideration. There can be no doubt that the railway companies are seriously embarrassed by lack of funds actually needed for betterments and additional equipment, and, at a glance, it seems only fair that they should be recompensed in part, at least, through increased charges, for the enhanced costs of labor, materials, and taxation which they are compelled to bear. But whether they should be permitted to draw upon the public for additional funds

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with which to maintain dividends is another question, to which no general answer can be given with surety of its justice. Much of the railway stock outstanding was issued for nothing, in the form of bonuses or construction profits, but the percentages thus disbursed by the various companies differ tremendously. Moreover, comparatively few of such shares now remain in the possession of the original beneficiaries. Substantially all have been taken over by investors and gradually diffused in lots so small that the common saying that "the people own the railroads" has much basis in fact. The point, too, cannot be overlooked that the promoters and bankers who first obtained "watered" stocks acted within their legal rights and conformably to customs fully known and commonly recognized as legitimate at the time. The futility of attempting to enforce a general, wide-spread "restitution," therefore, becomes apparent.

But that fact constitutes no reason for permitting continuance of the undesirable process. It was well enough and right enough, from a common-sense viewpoint, for President Elliott of the New Haven Company to say "let bygones be bygones," but it was equally essential, from the public and governmental position, for Commissioner Prouty to insist upon being convinced that they are bygones. There is little, if any, suspicion that railway directors at the moment, or for some time to come, would divert additional revenues from actual needs into speculative channels, but Mr. Prouty demands assurance that the old methods shall *never* be resumed. "When," he said, "it is no longer possible for railroads to spend money except for railroad purposes, when railroads cannot buy securities of other railroads, and when railroads cannot issue any securities except with Federal supervision, then, and not until then, can you safely permit any increases in rates."

In other words, Commissioner Prouty demands legislation providing for governmental supervision of expenditures as a condition precedent to increasing of rates. The questions immediately arise! Is such legislation desirable? and, How soon can it be obtained? To the first, in our judgment, the answer should be affirmative. There is no reason why the Commission should not, and every reason at the present time why it should, exercise such supervisory authority. The people support the railroads, the people own the rail-

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roads, and the people have a perfect right to appoint their own government to watch over and safeguard their interests. As a purely practical matter, moreover, it is certain that the exercise of such supervision would not only enhance materially the market values of securities thus approved and issued, but would tend generally to allay the distrust which now prevents borrowing for positive necessities.

Whether the legislation required by Commissioner Prouty can be obtained in time to save the railways from serious distress is a political question which nobody seems able to answer. It is but natural, however, to assume that the President and the Democratic leaders of Congress are fully advised upon this point and will soon act in such a way as to indicate their conclusion. It may be that, pending the formulation of measures whose preparation obviously demands the greatest of care, the Commission could achieve its immediate purpose by exacting guarantees in some effective form from the companies. As to that, also, there appears no convincing expression of opinion.

The one certainty is that the situation is poignant and laden with possibilities of advantage and disadvantage to all concerned. It is clear that raising of railway rates cannot be expected to diminish the cost of living, and it seems to be equally plain that succor of the railroads is the first requisite of a start toward more prosperous conditions. So far as we can perceive, no question of essential principle is involved. It is a weighing or balancing of considerations which calls for the exercise of the best judgment that can be derived from common sense—and in resolving a problem of that nature full confidence, in our belief, can be felt in the determination finally reached by President Wilson.

PREACHER AND PRESIDENT

Was Mr. Wilson elected President of the Presbyterians or President of the United States? The question was raised by the Rev. Dr. John R. Mackay, pastor of the North Presbyterian Church of New York City in his Thanksgiving sermon. After voicing gratitude for the ending of the Balkan War and the defeat of Tammany, the minister continued:

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I had hoped to express as another cause for Thanksgiving that our President was at this hour worshiping like us in his own place of worship, but the morning newspapers inform us that he has decided to attend high mass and give as his explanation that President Roosevelt and President Taft having done so, the precedent has been established and he would not like to break it.

This explanation does not explain. The observance of precedent has formed no part in President Wilson's career. No man more than he has broken through every kind of precedent both in the White House and in Congress. To know there was a precedent for anything seems to him an invitation to break it, and now he pleads its sacredness. This is the President, and not the man, that speaks.

It suits him to go and he goes, and at such a time as this I personally feel that this is an outrage when done by a Protestant Christian; and further, we have just listened to the reading of the President's own proclamation in which he asks us to assemble in our own places of worship. Why should he exempt himself? He has a church of his own; a pew of his own; a place where he could worship according to his instincts and the belief of his own heart.

Why, then, should not he worship there? It pains me to speak thus about our President, but he has gone out of his way and carried himself in a way inconsistent with the general trend of his life to needlessly cause grief to many who hitherto have felt pride in his steadfast loyalty to convictions and his determination to be President of all the people.

It seems not to have occurred to Dr. Mackay that the breaking of the precedent established by Mr. Roosevelt of the Dutch Reformed Church and confirmed by Mr. Taft, Unitarian, might naturally and properly have been resented by the great body of Roman Catholics who, too, are citizens. And what trifling with truth to assert that Mr. Wilson "has broken through every kind of precedent in the White House and in Congress"! In delivering his Messages personally he did not discard a custom; he restored one; and in abandoning the senseless New Year's reception he merely recognized the obligation of a President to conserve his physical strength for performance of his real duties. What other precedent of the slightest importance has he failed to heed?

"This is the President, and not the man," said Dr. Mackay. Precisely. And when Mr. Wilson attended a Roman Catholic Church, though probably for but once in the year, he did the very thing that Dr. Mackay accuses him of not doing; he showed plainly his "determination to be President of the whole people"; and thereby he indicated incidentally that a Presbyterian is not necessarily a bigot—a fact whose firmer impressment upon the minds of

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certain ministers of what they mistake for the Gospel would tend materially to enhance the power and encourage the growth of Christianity.

ON RESTRICTED RELIGION

THE third collect in the devotional service for Good Friday of the Protestant Episcopal Church reads as follows:

> Oh, merciful God, Who hath made all men and hatest nothing that Thou hast made, nor desirest the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live, have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy Word, and so fetch them home, Blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelite, and be made one fold and one shepherd, Jesus Christ, our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

Two amendments presented to the House of Deputies are still pending. The first is a proposal by Dean William Grosvenor that the words "Have mercy upon all who know Thee not, as revealed in the Gospel of Thy Son" be substituted for the words "Jews, Turks, infidels, and hereties"; and that the words "saved among the remnant of the true Israelite, and be" be stricken out. The second, suggested by a deputy whose name is not given, is that the words "Have mercy upon Thine ancient people of Israel and all who have erred in darkness" be substituted therefor. The purpose of these proposed changes, of course, is to stop classing Jews with Turks, infidels, and heretics, because the doing of this is presumed to hurt their feelings. We doubt the correctness of the assumption. The Jews whom we know are satisfied with their religion and seem to be willing to take their chances of reaching heaven by their own road. We have never heard that they object to outsiders beseeching mercy for them specifically, but it is doubtful if they attach much value to such petitioning. Moreover, if given a choice, we consider it quite probable that they would as lief be named outright in a straightforward manner as be included with others who are supposed to "err in darkness." And why discriminate against the Turks? They, too, have a religion which has stood the test of time, and feelings to be hurt. Is it not, after all, logical and proper to pray either for our-

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selves of the elect exclusively or for all creation without making distinctions of any kind, invidious or otherwise? There may be something more offensive in the eyes of the Lord than a patronizing religious aristocracy, but if so we have misread the Scriptures.

FOR PRESIDENT: W. J. B.

THE Hon. Lawrence Irving Handy is an ex-Congressman, a Son of Delaware, a resident of Philadelphia, and a novelty—*i. e.*, an original Bryan man. He was toastmaster for the Sons in the Quaker City the other evening, when the Honorable, the Secretary of State, was present. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Handy, speaking with curious exactitude to a group of Philadelphians—"gentlemen, I first introduced Mr. Bryan to Delaware seventeen years ago." What he meant to say was that he introduced Delaware to Our Hero some time back. However: "He is the greatest living orator speaking any language," not excepting Rabindranath Tagore, the Nobel prize-winner. "He is the personification of a wise and fearless Democracy." Excellent! "Embodiment" might possibly be preferred to "personification," but we do admire "wise and fearless"; they are strong and simple adjectives which can be easily understood; like, for example, "dishonest," as it was applied recently by Speaker Clark to officeholders who neglect their duties to lecture for hire. But back to the original Bryan man: "He has done great things, but I doubt not that he has before him greater things to do and to be." To do, perhaps; but hardly to be. Nevertheless, sez he, meaning Mr. Handy: "So once more I introduce him as the next President of the United States"—from which we infer that he had done it before and perchance many a time and oft.

The speaker paused, then sat. "Instantly," reports the newspapers, "every one of the 253 diners was on his feet waving either a small silk American flag or a [large cotton American] napkin." Mr. Bryan was obviously embarrassed. "His face was a study," instead of a map. "He seemed inclined both to frown and smile." He took a troche and cleared the way for a double-track mind.

"I hope," he began, ingratiatingly, "that you won't

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treasure up against my friend Handy the political indiscretion which he has just committed." (Polite cough from the speaker and "we won't" from the back rows.) "He means well,"— awkward pause, not grasped at first, but finally responded to with either small silk American flags or large cotton American napkins,—"and it only shows how a habit he learned seventeen years ago becomes fixed." Fixed? Glued, we should say. But let us not interrupt. This is important. "I believe," Mr. Bryan continued diffidently if not indeed sadly, "that the toastmaster has the opinion of many others that my highest ambition was to become President of the United States." Painful hesitation. Mr. Handy looked hurt. "THAT IS NOT SO. From my earliest manhood I have held a worthier and higher ambition. I have considered that office as only a means to an end. I consider no one worthy that high office who is not more interested in the things that can be accomplished through it than in the fame it brings."

Wild Philadelphian applause. There was no longer any doubt of the essential truth. Never, from earliest manhood to second childhood, had Mr. Bryan wanted to be President, except, well as a means to an end—"our beings' end and aim," sang Mr. Pope. "I consider no one worthy,"—but pass that. "I am happy, and I want you all to believe me when I say so, to see those things so near to my heart being done by another, happier than if I were in his place." Led by Mr. Handy, all expressed belief, comformably to request. Mr. Bryan then went on to say that under no circumstances would he become a candi— No, no, that is wrong; we were thinking of something Mr. Roosevelt said once upon a time. But it was a noble speech upon a noble theme, thoughtful, fairly temperate, generous, and kind.

As we read and ponder, our mind becomes troublous. In all candor we ask our considerate Chief Magistrate: Has Brother Bryan yet obtained all that is rightfully coming to him? He speaks of means and an end. That is well enough in a way. He is fond of both. But oughtn't he to be made President of something? Of course, there is the way blazed through the forest by himself in the Baltimore platform, but we have a feeling somehow that Time may obliterate single-term marks upon quickly growing trees.

Why not elect him President of Mexico? We learn from the Message that there is no government down there now

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and that one is needed, as a matter of form. It could be done easily. Mr. John Lind, who seems to have nothing in particular on hand at the moment, could readily convert the gentle Mr. Zapata with his diplomatic artistry, and ex-Minister William Bayard Hale could direct a corps of trained San Domingo "observers" to note with interest the acutely painless methods of the kind Mr. Villa. Both, we understand, walk Spanish perfectly. And Mr. Bryan himself is a wonderful runner. A great ballot-getter, too! If our recollection is not at fault, he thrice obtained more votes for President of even this discriminating country than any other Democrat who ever ran, *bar none*. Six millions and more! Think of that and then consider how easily he could pick up the little twenty thousand votes which constitute an "election by the people" in Mexico! Nobody else is good enough to merit our recognition, anyway.

It is a splendid idea. If we could be assured that he would not request us to take it down at some inopportune moment, we should raise the standard forthwith:

FOR PRESIDENT
(Of Mexico)
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
Not Yet Tried, but True

COMMENT

ABOUT this time, you are likely to receive the following communication through the mails:

ANCIENT PRAYER

The following was sent to me and I send to you with directions received with it.

"O Lord, I implore thee to bless all mankind and to keep us from evil, and to take us to dwell with thee in eternity." This copy is an ancient prayer. Copy it and see what will happen. It is said in Jerusalem that those who receive the prayer and do not copy it meet with misfortune. But those who do copy it nine times, beginning with the day it is received, and send each day a copy to a friend, will on the ninth day receive some great joy or blessing and be delivered from all calamity. Make a wish when you write it.

It will bring you good luck.

Do not break the chain.

Do not sign.

It is anonymous, of course; neither the inventor nor the

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sender of such an impertinence would care to invite well-merited rebuke. And yet we are informed that thousands of persons who regard themselves as devout Christians pass on the thing to irritated acquaintances. Some do it unthinkingly, no doubt, as a presumed religious service, others in the hope that they may really get something out of it, but the majority probably because they wish to take no chances. So they cravenly bow to the menace conveyed and help to perpetuate an idiotic superstition—all in the name of the Lord. The whole proceeding is immoral and insidiously subversive of true faith. Those who, knowing better, engage in it certainly need all the prayers they can get for their comfort in the hereafter, but meanwhile, on earth, they ought to be locked up.

" C–543 " is not, as one might readily suspect, a torpedo-boat destroyer; it is a hen, whose exploits must not pass unchronicled. The statistician from whose account we derive the facts set forth below informs us that she "was hatched" on April 29th, 1912, in the Oregon Agricultural College. We accept without question the date and place of first appearance. Ordinarily, too, we would not cavil at the assertion that a chicken was hatched; but this was no ordinary chicken, as presently will be seen. The privilege of being born at least might have been accorded her. Indeed, in view of the fact that the epoch-making event took place in Oregon, we are disposed to think that " made her Initiative " would savor more strongly of appropriateness. But let us not haggle over trifles. The overpowering point in history is that C–543 has broken all records. At the early age of five months and fourteen days she—surely " it," applied to such a hen, is a sad reproach, if not indeed an insult—began to lay and in one short year presented the students of the college with 283 eggs. Needless to say, the feat is unparalleled, although due credit should not be withheld from another collegiate hen, an own cousin, we understand, of C–543, who in 1912 produced 282. We can easily imagine the tenseness of feeling in the Oregon Agricultural College on the last day of the twelfth month while the professors and students were awaiting the arrival of the 283d. But the deliverance was successful, and both C–543 and egg are said to be doing well. We respectfully suggest that a degree be

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conferred upon C–543 and that at the conclusion of the ceremony the President of the college summon to the stage the illustrious originator of the Initiative and say to him: U'Ren.

At last we have an incorruptible Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. McAdoo made the fact known on December 3d, when he gave out for publication a letter from an unnamed, but obviously unoriginal, Wilson man, reading as follows:

> Mr. McAdoo, if you will appoint me as revenue collector I will make you a present of one-third of my first year's wages. I will give you $100 just as soon as appointed, and the rest just as soon as I can have a public sale.

The Secretary spurned the proposition. "There is no place for you in the Treasury Department," he wrote in reply. "Such an offer as this shows your unfitness for public office or public trust of any kind. The best service I can render to you is to advise you to revise your moral standard." And he added, scathingly:

> I am grieved to discover that there is any man in the United States who seems to think that there is neither moral turpitude nor impropriety in making an offer of this sort.
>
> You do not seem to realize that the era of graft and corruption in American politics is past.

What a relief it is to know that the wicked old days when Alexander Hamilton, Roger B. Taney, Salmon P. Chase, John Sherman, William Windom, John G. Carlisle, George B. Cortelyou, and Franklin Mac Veagh used to accept a hundred on account for collectorships are past and gone. But kindly imagine one of those mentioned publishing a thing like that "in order," as the *Evening Post* remarks, "to demonstrate the Roman virtue of this Administration"!

The new Senator from Oregon contributes this admirable autobiography to the *Congressional Directory:*

> Harry Lane, Democrat, of Oregon. Term expires March 3, 1919.

"I feel perfectly at home here," he remarked, at the end of his first month in Washington. "I used to be Superintendent of the Oregon Insane Asylum." But there is a difference. He is an *inmate* of the Senate.

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What has become of the Honorable William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce and high priest of trade?—*Philadelphia Press.*

Nothing has become of him; nothing *could* become of him. But when last seen he was consulting Secretary of Labor (Unions) Wilson and the Honorable Jay Hamilton Lewis concerning the practicability of enhancing power facilities by ordering water to run uphill.

And it may be another detail which, in his present powerful position, Mr. Wilson had forgotten, but had this primary system prevailed in the summer of 1912 the nomination of the Democratic party would almost surely have gone to the Hon. Champ Clark.—*New York Times.*

Well?

From the Associated Press:

TOPEKA, KAN., Dec. 6.—At the annual banquet of the State Democratic Club on January 5, W. J. Bryan will be the principal speaker. For this purpose 250 gallons of grape-juice have been ordered.

Does he bathe in it?

Incidentally we may ask: Why this proposal now? Hasn't the Democratic party enough trouble on its hands?—*The Evening Sun.*

No; only a cold in its head, when the suffragettes come around.

Young Bryan for Politics.—*Headline in the Times.*

Oh, for goodness' sake!

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THE CURRENCY BILL IN THE SENATE

BY HORACE WHITE

THE Federal Reserve Bill has been before Congress since the 26th of June last and has been under discussion for a considerably longer period. All attempts to rush it through the forms of legislation have so far failed, and its character has been much changed and improved by the delay. On the 22d of November it emerged from the Senate Committee on Banking in tripartite form, namely: (1) the Bill as amended and passed by the House; (2) the Owen Bill, or the House Bill as proposed to be amended by six members of the Committee, who are Democrats; (3) the Hitchcock Bill, or the House Bill as proposed to be amended by one Democratic member and five Republican members. The Democratic member of the latter group, Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, early took the position that there should be no haste in passing a measure of such gravity, and the result so far has vindicated his contention. Twenty years was required to prepare public opinion, including that of bankers and Congressmen, for the adoption of asset currency in place of bond-secured currency. This principle was embodied in the Aldrich-Vreeland Act of 1908, and Mr. Aldrich himself was among the latest converts to the doctrine. *Festina lente!*

The Federal Reserve Bill takes its name from the chief end and aim of its existence, which is to provide means whereby all banks may have full reserves of cash in their own vaults or within easy reach, in squally times. To this end it was sought to bring about a concentration of cash reserves in twelve new regional banks, from which they could be readily mobilized in emergencies for the relief of local banks. The regional banks were to have a capital of not less than five million dollars each, to be supplied by the adjacent national banks, each of which should subscribe twenty per cent. of its own capital for this purpose, ten per

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cent. to be paid in cash and ten per cent. to remain subject to call. If any national bank should fail within one year to comply with this requirement, it should be dissolved.

Two main questions were raised by this bill: First, was it well contrived to produce and maintain concentration of cash reserves? Second, had Congress the right to compel national banks to contribute money to objects not specified or contemplated in their charters?

As to the first question, concentration means bringing to a center. Obviously only one place is fitted to be the center of a concrete whole. Twelve centers to one thing are inconceivable. The nations of Europe have found by experience that one central bank with branches is sufficient, and is exactly fitted, to the purpose of accumulating, maintaining, and mobilizing the cash reserves needful to meet all banking exigencies. The functions of a central bank are to maintain the gold standard and to supply in needful amounts a currency that will be universally accepted by the community. The latter function is to be discharged by the discount of bills of exchange and other bankable paper. The end to be striven for is the strengthening of confidence in the whole banking system, so that there will be no motive to make runs on the banks. If there is a motive for such runs, hardly any amount of reserves will suffice; if there is no motive, there will be no run. Confidence can be more securely anchored in one strong central institution than on several less strong.

As to the second question it is not necessary to dogmatize. The Democratic (Owen) half of the Banking Committee have modified the House Bill by a proviso that the forfeiture of the charter of any national bank for non-compliance shall be a judicial proceeding in a suit to be brought by the Comptroller of the Currency for that purpose. The other (Hitchcock) section of the Senate Committee have introduced a proviso that the capital stock of the regional banks should be first opened to public subscription, no person to hold more than one hundred shares, and that the national banks should underwrite the whole and only take what was left. Possibly the whole might be taken by private individuals. Both of these plans imply some measure of coercion on the national banks, but not enough, perhaps, to provoke resistance, as the House Bill probably would have done. It remains to be seen whether the national banks will cooperate cheerfully to make the new system a success, even

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though they do not consider it a wise and well-considered plan to accomplish the end in view. Their preference is for one central bank. This is also the declared preference of the Hitchcock group of the Senate Banking Committee, although it is not embraced in their bill. Senator Burton, of Ohio, has introduced such a bill on his own motion. Probably the Republican party can be counted upon to support such a measure both in Congress and on the hustings. It is not safe to assume that the passage of the pending measure will be the end of the currency agitation. The Owen Bill reduces the number of regional banks to eight; the Hitchcock Bill to four.

If the bill as passed should for any reason prove to be unworkable, the consequences would be regrettable both politically and otherwise, and the failure could not be condoned by saying that it was an honest attempt to break down a moneyed monopoly and to open the avenues of credit to persons who do not now have access to it. Credit is belief. It is a plant of slow growth. It cannot be moved hither and thither by acts of Congress or by stump-speaking. If a belief prevails in the community that certain persons are safe custodians of money, then people who desire safe places for their money will hand it over to them in the form of deposits. If the belief prevails that these or other persons are sagacious investors and good judges of securities, people who have money to invest will bring it to such persons to be invested. This is the whole secret of the "Money Trust." Financial beliefs cannot be transferred by outside influence or by coercive legislation any more than religious beliefs can be so changed.

If the magnates of Wall Street had only their own money to operate with, their business would be small indeed. They would not require spacious offices or an army of coupon-clippers. It is the incoming and outgoing of other people's money, from which a shaving is taken, that fills their coffers. If they were all banished or knocked on the head to-morrow the lonesome seeker after credit would be no better off than before, but rather worse. The people who have money to invest would never find him, whereas the Money Trust would surely find him sooner or later if he had anything of value to offer. That is what they exist for. If they did not find such things, they would soon go out of business without being banished or knocked on the head.

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Much reliance had been placed on the testimony of certain witnesses in the Pujo investigation that they (the witnesses) were monopolizers of credit and that the monopoly had gone about far enough and ought to be broken down. They were not so obliging, however, as to tell us how it should be done. In like manner, in medieval times, certain persons accused of witchcraft pleaded guilty. They acknowledged that they were witches, but they did not tell how the practice of the black art could be suppressed. They were generally burned at the stake after confession, but murrain continued among the cattle, and hail-storms and tornadoes prevailed, all the same. The only method I can suggest for breaking down the monopolizers of credit is for Mr. Untermyer and other persuasive orators to hold a series of public meetings and urge depositors to avoid such cormorants as George F. Baker and Jacob Schiff, and choose open-minded and warm-hearted financiers like the managers of the Carnegie Trust Company to take care of their money and invest it safely for them. Depositors do not know or care anything about "interlocking directorates." Nobody invests, or deposits, or withdraws money on such considerations, yet depositors will have the last say on any banking scheme that Congress may adopt. He reckons ill who leaves them out.

Under the House Bill the control of the whole banking system is lodged in a Federal Reserve Board of seven persons composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Comptroller of the Currency, and four members to be appointed by the President of the United States with the consent of the Senate, one of the four to be a person experienced in banking. The Owen Bill omits the Secretary of Agriculture and the Comptroller of the Currency, and gives the President power to appoint six members, and provides that two of them shall be experienced in banking. The Hitchcock Bill provides that the Federal Reserve Board shall consist of the Secretary of the Treasury, *ex officio,* and eight other members, who have had experience in commerce and banking, to be appointed by the President, who shall designate one of them to be the Governor and one the Vice-Governor. Each member to receive a salary of $12,000 per year, and to devote his entire time to the duties of his office. Each of the three bills gives the Federal Reserve Board power to permit

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or require any regional bank to discount the prime commercial paper of any other regional bank and to fix the rate of interest therefor within certain limits. Each of the regional banks is to be managed by a board of nine directors, six to be chosen by the local banks and three by the Federal Board at Washington. Three of the directors chosen by the local banks shall be "representative of the general public interests of the reserve district," not bankers. The Hitchcock Bill provides that five of the directors shall be appointed by the Federal Reserve Board and four by the member banks, all of whom must be *bona fide* residents of the district.

Thus the control of the whole system and of the regional banks is to be separated from the ownership. In like manner the control of the German Reichsbank is in the hands of the Government. The stockholding interest is only advisory. The German bank, however, was originally owned wholly by the Government; private shareholders having been admitted from time to time afterward at their own desire, with previous knowledge of the conditions of participation. The bank grew into its present shape from the year 1765, when it was established in the reign of Frederick the Great, the Government being always in supreme control. In other words, the German system, having been a natural evolution, is exactly fitted to the nation which it serves. It is a central bank with branches. The only point of similarity which the Federal Reserve Bill presents is in the control by Government officials. In all other respects it differs not only from the German system, but from every other which now exists or ever has existed.

For example, under the House Bill the Federal Reserve Board may issue Federal reserve notes "which shall be obligations of the United States" to any regional bank in exchange for collateral consisting of notes or bills accepted by the latter for rediscount from any member bank in its district. The regional bank shall segregate and keep on hand thirty-three and one-third per cent. of "gold or lawful money" as a special reserve whenever it pays out any portion of these Federal reserve notes, but the notes themselves shall be redeemed "in gold or lawful mony" at the Treasury in Washington or at any regional bank. The notes shall bear marks to signify the name of the bank issuing them, and whenever they are received by any other regional

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bank they shall not be paid out by it, but must be returned promptly to the issuing bank for redemption. The Owen Bill requires thirty-five per cent. reserve against note issues. The Hitchcock Bill omits the words "or lawful money" after the word "gold" in the redemption and special reserve clauses, and it requires that forty-five per cent. of gold be segregated as security for the notes in addition to the paper collateral. All three of the bills say that the Federal reserve notes shall be obligations of the United States, when in fact they are not such.

Obligation implies value received by the obligor. Such is the common acceptation of the phrase. All misuse of words ought to be avoided, since misleading phrases are a bad education. The words printed on the greenbacks saying that they are legal tender for all debts public and private except for duties on imports and interest on the public debt, led multitudes to believe that the principal of the government bonds could be paid with irredeemable notes. Probably a majority of the voters honestly entertained that belief during the period 1865–1879 and were prevented from carrying it into effect only by the resumption of specie payments.

The use of the words "lawful money" after the word "gold" in the House Bill and the Owen Bill is sought to be defended by the fact that the same language is used in the Aldrich Bill. *Tu quoque!* As two wrongs do not make a right, it is best to consider this question on its merits, if it has any. It is rather a question of form than of substance. Shall the greenbacks and the silver dollars be retained as parts of our currency system? Both are lawful money and both are available as cash reserves of the banks. In round numbers the greenbacks are $346,000,000 and the silver dollars $576,000,000, both together $922,000,000. The Government has $150,000,000 gold kept as a redemption fund for the greenbacks, and is pledged to maintain the parity of greenbacks and silver dollars with gold. So long as the Government maintains this pledge it is a matter of indifference whether greenbacks and silver dollars are or are not admissible as redemption money for the Federal reserve notes. In practice neither greenbacks nor silver dollars nor gold would be much used for redemption purposes, but instead thereof balances would be settled by means of clearings, bank checks, and book entries, in terms of dollars

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and cents. The question whether the Government can and will always maintain the parity of all kinds of money in circulation is worth considering. By way of hedging against the chance of a failure to do so in consequence of war or other unforeseen calamity, it would be best to get rid of the greenback at the first opportunity. This would not be a great task. One hundred and fifty millions are already provided for in the redemption fund. The remainder might be canceled as fast as they come into the Treasury or whenever revenues exceed expenses. The silver dollars are a different proposition. They involve a question of tonnage. In form of certificates they are performing a useful function as money of small denominations, one dollar and upward. Probably their future destiny is recoinage as halves, quarters, and dimes.

If I had a vote to give as between the Owen Bill and the Hitchcock Bill, as regards the use of the phrase "lawful money," I should agree with the latter in striking it out for the sake of appearances. It is only for appearance' sake that it has any place in the bill at all.

The method of mobilizing cash reserves from one bank to another under the twelve-district plan is much slower than that of a central-bank plan would be. When the pinch comes on a member bank in a particular district it applies to its regional bank for a rediscount of some part of its commercial paper. The board of directors of the regional bank must pass upon the paper. In order to do so intelligently it must know something about the commercial standing of the maker of the paper, as well as that of the bank which has already discounted it. Very likely the pinch has come upon several of the banks in the district simultaneously, and it is necessary to discriminate between them. Nine directors must deliberate upon the question. Each one must have time to express his opinion on the goodness of the paper and also as to the method of relieving the pinch—*i.e.*, by simply rediscounting or by applying to the Federal Reserve Board for a second rediscount. In the latter event seven members must be taken in consultation, only one of whom need be a banker under the House Bill, and only two under the Owen Bill; under the Hitchcock Bill, which provides for nine members, all except the Secretary of the Treasury must have had experience in commerce and banking. Here let it be said that the original project of consti-

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tuting a board without a banker was as irrational as would be an attempt to build the Panama Canal without an engineer.

The seven or nine persons constituting the Federal Reserve Board may relieve the pinch by requiring some other regional bank to rediscount the paper. There are eleven to choose from, and differences of opinion are likely to exist as to whether the request for a rediscount shall be granted, and if so which bank shall do the rediscounting. If squally times are apprehended, each regional bank will be likely to make difficulties or to make delay. No machinery on earth can hasten an unwilling board of bank directors.

Under the European system the manager of a branch of the central bank would apply to the head office for funds to relieve the local pinch by a discount over and above the usual amount, and would get an answer, yes or no, at once; and it would be a correct and instantaneous answer coming from an experienced board to a trained manager.

The House Bill provides that the stockholders of the regional banks shall be entitled to dividends of five per cent. per annum, if earned, which dividends shall be cumulative. One-half of the net earnings over and above five per cent. shall go to a surplus fund until the surplus fund shall be equal to twenty per cent. of the capital stock, the other half of the excess earnings to be divided between the Government and the stockholders. The Owen Bill provides that the stockholders shall have six per cent. dividends instead of five, one-half of the residue going to a surplus fund, and all of the excess to the Government as a franchise tax. The Hitchcock Bill provides that the stockholders shall have five-per-cent. dividends, and that of the excess earnings twenty-five per cent. shall go to a surplus fund and thirty-seven and one-half per cent. to a depositors' insurance fund until, in the judgment of the Federal Reserve Board, it is sufficient in amount to pay in full the depositors of any failed member bank in the district, all overplus to go to the Government. Each of the three bills provides that the regional banks and the stock therein shall be exempt from Federal, State, and local taxation.

Regional banks may receive deposits from their member banks and from the Government, but not from individuals. They may discount notes, drafts, and bills of exchange arising out of actual commercial transactions which bear the

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indorsement of any of their member banks, not including those drawn for the purpose of carrying or trading in stocks, bonds, or other investment securities.

Such are the principal features of the three bills. That of Senator Hitchcock and his associates would seem to be the preferable one. It comes nearest to the central-bank system, which has proved to be the most efficient and economical means of warding off bank panics and which is now in use in most of the countries of Europe. The provision for admitting the public as stockholders of the regional banks is wise and prudent. Exemption from taxation would stimulate private subscriptions. If the public should take all the stock, so much the better. It would create a body of active supporters of the new system in all parts of the Union. It would bring new capital into the banking business instead of reducing that of existing banks, where it is now usefully employed. It would secure the friendly co-operation of the present national banks, instead of their open or secret hostility, which might be expected if an attempt were made to coerce them. Moreover, the Hitchcock provision requiring that the Federal Reserve Board shall be composed of men who understand banking is the best of all. Men of training, experience, and character could make even a bad system work well, while men without experience, however good their intentions, might wreck the Federal Reserve system, and the Wilson Administration with it.

The proposal of the Hitchcock Bill to create a fund out of surplus earnings to pay the depositors of failed banks is too large a subject to be dealt with as an appendix to this article. Four trans-Missouri States have deposit guarantee laws, that of Oklahoma being the oldest (1908). A considerable body of literature exists on the subject in the form of official reports and magazine articles. The most important of the latter are those of Mr. Thornton Cooke, of Kansas City, in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics,* the latest being in the number for November, 1913. There is sufficient material available for intelligent discussion of the question of deposit guarantee to take all the spare time of one session of Congress—all the time not occupied by appropriation bills and other strictly necessary legislation.

HORACE WHITE.

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THE PLIGHT OF THE RAILROADS

BY W. JETT LAUCK

THE railroad problem is constantly assuming a more prominent place in the public interest. In the face of the increased outlay for labor which has attended the settlement of recent wage disputes, the cries for protection against impoverishment raised by railroad officials throughout the land have been intensified. They claim that labor costs of operation have rapidly advanced. Because of the general rise in prices they declare also that more must be paid for railroad supplies; and that the cost of borrowing capital has increased because of the upward trend in interest rates. It is further claimed that the orders of State Railroad Commissions and the Interstate Commerce Commission relative to the installation of safety devices and hours and conditions of employment have deprived the transportation systems of an increasing amount of their resources. It is also pointed out that the amount of railroad revenues absorbed by State and local taxation has advanced by leaps and bounds. The railroad officials also lament the fact that politicians and demagogues have used the railroads unjustly to win popular favor. Moreover, they state that the maximum economy in operation has already been reached, and that the only hope of maintaining the credit of the railroads upon which they must secure new capital for much-needed improvements and extensions lies in increased freight rates. The railroad officials assert, in short, that the transportation industry will be starved into a state of insolvency unless the Interstate Commerce Commission recedes from its decision of three years ago denying authority to advance freight rates.

The employees of the railroads would welcome the prospect of an advance in freight rates. Obviously, increased rates mean additional revenues and a better prospect for higher wages. The other side of the question is taken by

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the shippers. The fundamental basis of their opposition in the past has been forcibly expressed in the argument that increased transportation charges constitute an added tax upon business and industry. It is denied that the railroads have reached the limits of economy and efficiency in management, and it is asserted that they should look within and not without for more revenue. The further charge has been made by the shippers that the carriers have too rapidly discounted the future in capitalizing their earnings, that indefensible stock-watering and manipulation have been characteristic of railroad finances, and that from the standpoint of their legitimate needs there is no economic justification for the claims of the railroads.

The problem, therefore, which will soon be passed upon by the Interstate Commerce Commission, has two important phases. In the first place, the operating performance of the railroads during recent years must be considered. It must be determined as to how far operating expenses have been increased by higher costs of materials, labor, and capital; how far operating revenues have fallen because of reduced freight rates, and, furthermore, to what extent these rising costs of conducting transportation have been offset by gains in operating efficiency. In the second place, the financial management of the carriers must be given careful consideration. It is entirely possible that the operating efficiency of a railroad may be of the highest order and attended by large operating profits, and yet the company itself be in a deplorable financial condition because of mismanagement. Briefly stated, the question to be determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission is whether the present financial needs of the railroads are legitimate in the light of their operating and financial records.

It is at once apparent from a superficial study of railroad transportation statistics that the operating expenses of the carriers have recently advanced. The operating ratio, which means the proportion which operating expenses bear to operating revenues, of the railroads of the East during the period 1900–1911 increased from 67 to 71 per cent., in the South from 66 to 69 per cent., and in the West from 62 to 67 per cent. In 1901, 65 per cent. of the operating revenues of all the railroads of the United States was required to meet operating expenses; in 1912 the ratio had advanced to slightly more than 69 per cent. The oper-

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ating ratio, in other words, was 6.8 per cent. higher in 1912 than in 1901.

This condition of affairs is partially accounted for by pronounced advances in price of supplies used by the carriers. Although the proportion of total operating revenues paid to labor actually engaged in conducting transportation—enginemen, trainmen, switchmen, and stationmen—has generally tended to decrease, the total labor cost of operation of the railroads, due to heavier outlay for maintenance labor during recent years, has steadily increased in amount. Furthermore, in the course of the recent arbitrations between the Eastern railroads and their employees, it was asserted by the representatives of the carriers that it would require an additional outlay of about $2,600,000 annually to comply with full-crew laws; about $12,000,000 yearly to meet the legislative requirements regarding hours of work and boiler inspections; and more than $18,000,000, during the next five years, to install safety appliances on locomotives and cars in compliance with national and State legislation. Increased tax payments have constituted another growing item of expense. Fixed charges are also much greater than in past years, owing to the general demand for higher interest return on invested capital.

Along with these constant and harassing advances in operating expenditures, the carriers have suffered a serious decline in receipts per unit of traffic transported. The average amount obtained by the railroads of the United States for each ton of freight carried in 1901 was $1.05 as compared with $1.04 in 1910, the last year for which this information is available. The average rate for each ton hauled one mile declined from seventy-five hundredths to seventy-four hundredths of a cent during the period of 1901–1912. The average rate for each passenger transported one mile for the past fiscal year was only 1.985 cents as contrasted with 2.01 cents in the year 1901.

Being thus confronted not only with rising costs of operation and of borrowing capital, but also with declining returns on each unit of traffic transported, obviously the only recourse which the operating officials of the railroads had was to attempt to increase efficiency and thereby reduce the outlay required for moving each unit of traffic. They gave their best endeavors to the solution of this problem, and produced remarkable results.

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To move a train requires an outlay for fuel, maintenance of way and equipment, and for payment of wages. A certain proportion of these costs are fixed and are the same regardless of the size of the train. It was, therefore, clear to the railroad officials that if the size of the freight-train load —the number of tons of freight to each train—could be increased without a corresponding increase in the expense of hauling the heavier train, there would be a gain in net operating results. So they set about to devise measures for increasing the tonnage of trains. Engines were designed which, although not burning proportionately as much coal, could haul a greater number of tons than those formerly in use. During the period 1902–1912 the tractive power of locomotives used by Eastern railroads increased 120 per cent., and the average tractive power of each locomotive, 54 per cent. Freight-cars were also greatly enlarged. Additional capital outlay during the same years was also made by the transportation companies in straightening curves and reducing grades in order to make possible the movement of larger trains. Road-beds were greatly strengthened to meet the new conditions, and in many cases were entirely rebuilt. As the combined result of these improvements, the average revenue freight train-load for all the railways of the United States increased from 281 tons in 1901 to 409 tons in 1912, or 45 per cent. By the development of the size of the train-load the carriers were able to handle a greater volume of traffic with comparatively fewer trains. In 1912, as compared with 1902, the Eastern railroads transported an increase of about 63 per cent. in ton mileage with only 20 per cent. increase in freight train miles.

The effect of this increase in the productive efficiency of the transportation industry upon operating revenues has been very marked. In 1901 the operating expenses of all railroads of the United States considered as one system were $1.12, and operating revenue $1.72 for each train operated one mile. At the close of the past fiscal year these figures were $1.59 and $2.30, respectively. The gain in gross revenues, therefore, during the period 1901–1912 had been sufficient to produce an increase in net revenue of ten cents per revenue train mile. In other words, although operating costs per revenue train mile had increased, they were more than offset by heavier trains and other economies in operation, and net operating revenue for all the railroads of the

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country had advanced from 47 cents per revenue train mile in 1901 to 57 cents in the fiscal year 1912. The gains thus made by the railroads east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers have been even greater than those for the country as a whole. During this period of ten years there was a net gain in operating revenue in Eastern territory of 13 cents per revenue train mile.

Out of this gain in net revenue there must be paid, of course, a fair return upon the capital invested in additions and improvements to the road-bed and equipment which have contributed so largely to the gains in productive efficiency. Any rewards for increased efficiency of transportation, labor, or in managerial ability should be included in operating expenses. The final test of the financial status of the transportation companies and of the profitableness of recent progress in improvements and efficiency is whether or not the gains in net operating revenue, due to increased efficiency, have been sufficient to provide a fair return upon the additional capital invested in increased facilities.

Unfortunately, proper information is not at hand upon which to decide this point satisfactorily. If the railroads devoted the proceeds secured from the sale of their securities exclusively to the establishment of better transportation facilities, the task would be easy. But stocks and bonds have been extensively issued in exchange for the securities of other railroads in order to build up large transportation systems. It is impossible, because of the present form of the reports of the railroads to the Interstate Commerce Commission, to separate these transactions and to state explicitly what proportion of the total amount of stock issued at a given time was for additions and betterments to roadway, structures, and equipment, and what proportion was used for other purposes. The physical valuation of railroad property as reported by the railroads to the Interstate Commerce Commission is also misleading. In many cases the cost of road and equipment has been automatically increased with each issue of securities upon the unwarranted assumption that the proceeds arising therefrom have been invested in the physical property of the railroad. On the other hand, a considerable portion of railroad earnings has been expended for additions and betterments which have added to the value or earning capacity of the properties and which should properly be capitalized.

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This has been accomplished largely through charges to operating expenses or by direct appropriations from net income. The cost of road-bed, structures, and equipment, however, as shown by the reports of the railroads to the Interstate Commerce Commission cannot be said to underestimate the amount of capital upon which a return must be earned. In fact, as a basis of calculation, it affords every advantage to the railroads.

Noting this tendency to overvaluation, an examination of the reports of forty-four representative Eastern roads indicates an investment in road-bed and equipment of $7.38 per revenue train mile in 1912 as compared with $6.04 in 1902. The additional capital commitment for extensions and improvements and additions to road-bed, structures, and equipment during the eleven years 1902–1912, for these forty-four leading railroads, was, therefore, $1.34 per revenue train mile. Annual interest on this amount at 5 per cent. is 6 4-5 cents. It has been shown above that during this same period these railroads effected a gain in operating revenue of 13 cents for each revenue train mile. Deducting the annual increase of 6 4-5 cents in interest charges for new capital invested, there would still remain a net profit from operation, in excess of operating costs and interest on new capital invested, of slightly more than 6 cents per revenue train mile. This amount would be abundantly sufficient to meet taxes, make necessary improvements and extensions, and to increase dividend disbursements to stockholders. The showing of individual railroads does not alter this conclusion. No statistics are available for a conclusive demonstration, but those at hand seem to warrant the inference that railroad operations which have been properly promoted and managed have, as a rule, been sufficiently prosperous to provide a fair return upon the capital actually invested in transportation facilities.

The payment of returns upon the capital obligations issued by the transportation companies is another question. During the decade 1901–1910 the total capitalization of the railways of the United States was increased $7,728,000,000, or 57.6 per cent. In 1910, 82 per cent. more railroad stock, to the par value of $2,435,000,000, was receiving dividends than in 1900. Furthermore, the average return on dividend-paying railroad stocks in 1910 was 7 1-2 per cent. as against 5 1-4 per cent. in 1901. The total dividend disbursements

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in 1910 were $159,000,000 greater than in 1900, and 66 per cent. of all stock outstanding received dividends as against 51 per cent. in 1901. The dividends paid by the railroads during the past fiscal year exceeded $400,000,000, and the average rate was slightly more than 7 per cent. Interest requirements were also met by the railroads on all funded debt outstanding except about 7 1-2 per cent. of the total.

This situation on its surface would indicate that the financial condition of the railroads is good and their demand for increased freight rates unjustifiable. Railroad officials claim, however, that expenses are steadily increasing and net operating revenues declining; that present interest and dividend payments are becoming endangered; and that without some relief the credit of the railroads will soon be so impaired that it will be impossible to secure additional capital for much-needed improvements. If the assumption of these officials, that the financial management of their properties has been proper and their capitalization legitimate, is accepted their assertion as to the condition of railroad finances, despite the superb operating performance of the carriers within recent years, seems to be true. The weakness in the argument of the railroads, however, lies in their assumption that the financial management of their properties in past years has been of such character as to merit assistance at the present time. An examination of the facts relative to this phase of the problem shows clearly that the financial administration of the railroads has been much less creditable than the operating management, and leads to the conclusion that if the financial managers had shown a degree of efficiency approximating that of the operating officials the transportation industry would be yielding enormous profits to stockholders, and any advance in freight charges would be unnecessary.

A policy which has been followed by American railroads which does not exist in other leading commercial and industrial nations is to use part of their current revenues for the purpose of making permanent improvements to their properties. During the ten years 1902–1912 the leading railroads in the East expended more than $300,000,000 of surplus income in additions and betterments. Within the past fifteen years, by a conservative calculation, they improved their properties to the extent of $500,000,000 by appropriations from surplus income and charges to operating expenses.

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These facts do not accord with the claim that the railroads of the country are impoverished and should be considered in extending financial assistance to them; more especially when the property additions so provided are made the basis of stock dividends or designed to place real assets behind fictitious capitalization.

As a matter of fact, increases in property values and in earning capacity are frequently made the basis of new securities given to stockholders. A striking example of this is the recent stock dividend of 33 1-3 per cent., or $20,000,000, made by the Pennsylvania Company to cover uncapitalized additions and betterments paid for from income. Stock bonuses, or rights granted stockholders to subscribe to new issues of securities at par when they are selling in the market at a premium have been very common. Four of the leading railroads of the East gave away more than $99,000,000 during the period 1900–1910 in bonuses to their stockholders. In the West during the same period, five of the principal railroads authorized stock bonuses amounting to more than $185,000,000. The aggregate amount of capital stock thus distributed by the railroads of the United States is enormous. This practice means not only unwarranted capitalization, but also a permanent absorption of operating revenues in the payment of dividends thereon. The effect, therefore, is to place a constant burden upon the railroad employee, the shipper, and the consumer.

The connection between banking syndicates and railroad security flotation has recently been a matter of public inquiry. A number of large banks have been granted the exclusive right to handle the bonds of certain railroad companies and have been practically without competition in fixing the commission charged for this service. By way of illustration, eight representative railroads in the East during the period 1900–1910 issued new obligations of the par value of $810,000,000. The market value of these bonds was $827,300,000, but the railroads actually received only $787,200,000. More than $40,100,000 was paid out in underwriting commissions, the greater part of which might have been saved had the transportation companies sold their bonds on the open market. During the same decade, four leading roads in the West in floating $491,000,000 of bonds paid $21,000,000 in underwriting fees.

Ordinary stock-watering and manipulation have played an

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even more conspicuous part in adding to the fictitious capitalization of the railroads. It is a matter of official record that when the two railroads which formed the nucleus of one of the largest trunk-lines of the country were combined in 1869, a stock dividend of 100 per cent., equal to $44,428,330 in money, was declared. At a recent hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission it was stated that a total of $93,034,026 of stock had been floated by this company during the period 1870–1910, for which not a cent was added to the value or earning capacity of the property. A drain of $5,535,000 annually upon the earnings of this system is necessary to pay dividends upon this fictitious capitalization.

Another notorious case of stock inflation, which is also in the records of the Interstate Commerce Commission, is that of the Chicago & Alton Railroad. In 1899, when the so-called Harriman syndicate acquired control of the old Chicago & Alton Railroad Company, its capitalization consisted of $22,230,600 of stock and $10,779,850 of bonds. Seven years later, when this company and the Chicago & Alton Railway Company were consolidated as the present Chicago & Alton Railroad Company, the new company began its existence with a capitalization of almost $114,600,000. The only tangible asset which the new company acquired in addition to the old Chicago & Alton Railroad property was a line of railroad fifty-seven miles in length which had cost the syndicate $1,350,000. The invested capital of the original companies at the time of the consolidation was by a liberal estimate only about $52,000,000. The sum of $62,600,000 in fictitious capitalization, therefore, was added by the Harriman syndicate without a single dollar of consideration.

Numerous cases might also be cited to show how the capitalization of our railroads has been inflated under reorganizations or as the outcome of expansions made for the purpose of securing monopoly control. Recent official investigations have shown that the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, in a reckless attempt to monopolize the transportation facilities of New England, has, within the space of twenty-five years, issued excess capitalization to the extent of $75,000,000 and has acquired and capitalized steam railroads, trolleys, and steamship lines with such disregard of their actual value and earning capacity that it is

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estimated that more than $8,000,000 of the operating revenues of the New Haven Railroad itself are absorbed each year by losses on these unwise investments. A large railroad company of the Middle West, by an unwise policy of expansion, has within the last ten years lost approximately $32,000,000. Another leading Western railroad which passed through a reorganization in 1909 had its securities inflated to the extent of $59,420,000, for which not a dollar was added to the value or earning capacity of the property. In the reorganization of another leading Western railroad in 1895, fictitious capitalization was issued to the amount of $166,096,184 in preferred and common stock. The earnings of this railroad have up to the present time been used to pay dividends aggregating $112,000,000 upon this watered capitalization, and the absorption of operating revenues annually by dividend payments upon these unwarranted stock issues is $9,167,000.

These illustrations and others which cannot be mentioned in detail clearly demonstrate the fact that the financial direction of our railroads in the past has been as indefensible as the management of actual operations of the transportation companies has been efficient and praiseworthy. It is clear that at the bottom of the present difficulties of the railroads is to be found improper or misguided financial management. The gains made in the operating efficiency of the carriers have been consumed in the payment of dividends and interest charges upon fictitious securities. An economic crime has been perpetrated by the capitalization of the actual and potential earnings arising from increased productive efficiency. Higher wages to railroad employees and the rise in prices of railroad materials and supplies have only served to bring to a head the more fundamental evils arising from over-capitalization.

It is for this reason that the railroads after several generations of increase in earning power are no better off than they were before. Year by year the growth in earning power of the transportation companies has been capitalized in one way or another, and the development of the country has been steadily anticipated or discounted by the issue of new securities. Capitalization has been made to keep pace with profits. This policy would have gone on indefinitely had Congress not vested the Interstate Commerce Commission with the authority to regulate freight rates. Charges for

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transportation services would have been automatically advanced to meet the requirements of higher operating costs and increased capital requirements. But now, without the power to exact more for their services, the railroads, in the face of a growth in the cost of operation, find it more and more difficult to pay dividends and secure much-needed capital. The question, therefore, which the Interstate Commerce Commission must pass upon, and upon which the public will ultimately render a decision, is whether the transportation companies should be granted financial assistance through permission to charge more for transporting commodities.

Despite the indefensible causes of the present plight of the railroads, the answer to this question should be in the affirmative. The sins of the past cannot be rectified. Very little can be properly done at the present time to recall the capital which in former years has been given away to stockholders and underwriters. Something may be done to correct the waste of resource and the excess capitalization arising from past mergers, consolidations, and reorganization. As a rule, however, the fictitious securities already issued have passed from the hands of the underwriters and other original holders and are now in the possession of investors who had no part or profit in their flotation. To attempt to legislate, therefore, relative to railroad capitalization as it is at present would bring injury to many innocent persons. The burden which has been permanently placed upon the consumer and the railroad employee and stockholder by improper financing in past years must, unfortunately, be largely accepted. What can be done is to prevent similar financial practices in the future, and to make sure that no further handicaps to industrial progress, and to the economic well-being of the general public are added to those already existing. Due profits and liberal returns should be assured to the elements of risk and foresight in the development of transportation facilities. Legitimate rewards, however large, should be guaranteed to managerial ability and to invested capital. But railroad executives and operating officials should not be required to devote their time and talents to the earning of dividends and interest charges on fictitious capitalization. The railroad employee should not have to be confronted with the statement that an increase in wages would result in the impairment of a

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vested interest by interfering with dividend and interest payments, when, as a matter of fact, this vested interest originally consisted of watered capitalization which has been unloaded by promoters, reorganizers, or underwriting syndicates upon the unsuspecting public. The consumer should not be compelled to bear the burden of a higher cost of distribution of commodities, or, in other words, an increase in cost of living, arising from the same causes. The permission to the railroads to advance their freight charges should, therefore, while safeguarding the present holders of railroad securities, be accompanied by legislation which would protect investors, consumers, and railroad employees. Along with the grant of higher freight rates should go the regulation of the financial management of the railroads. This is not only necessary because of past financial excesses, but is an inevitable and logical outcome of rate regulation itself.

Legislation which would assure the proper use of railroad capital and safeguard the interests of employees and the public should have to do with, first, the issues of new stocks and bonds, and, second, reorganizations and consolidations. It is not necessary, as it is often claimed, to give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate the issue of new securities. All that should be required would be for Congress to direct the Commission to investigate carefully new issues of stocks and bonds by the railroads for the purpose of ascertaining how they were marketed, what amount of cash was realized, and what was done with the cash proceeds. The Commission would then be in a position to know whether the securities had been properly floated and could take these facts under consideration in future rate cases. Publicity given to these investigations by the Commission would also force the railroads to market their securities properly. Otherwise, market values would slump and investors would have no confidence in the management. Bonuses to stockholders and large fees to underwriting syndicates would also be impossible without discovery and full publicity by the Commission. A policy of expansion and dissipation of resources for the purpose of obtaining monopoly advantages as exemplified by the recent history of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, could not be successfully carried out if the Interstate Commerce Commission should be instructed to investigate and

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publish all the facts bearing upon the issue of new securities. Another possibility of financial evil and over-capitalization would be obviated if Congress would direct that all schemes of reorganization and consolidation of railroad property, to be valid, must have the sanction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Reorganizations and consolidations in the past have been two of the principal sources of stock inflation and manipulation. Five years ago the Commission forbade the railroads to continue the general practice of charging additions and betterments to the operating expenses of their properties. A similar prohibition should now be made against the payments from net income or surplus for permanent improvements, or, in other words, for capital which adds to the value and earning capacity of their properties. In order that the total assets or resources of the railroads should be known, the transportation companies should also be required to show the existing market value of securities of other railroads which they hold in their treasuries. The present practice of a considerable number of railroads in carrying such holdings at nominal book values tends to conceal their real resources and to make secret reserves possible.

With these regulations as to accounting methods and with the investigation of security issues and reorganizations by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads should be permitted to advance their freight charges for the purpose of meeting their immediate necessities. Under these conditions, it may safely be predicted that future increases in charges would not be necessary, but that reductions in the cost of distribution could be expected, for the reason that with proper financial management the earnings of the railroads would greatly increase on the basis of each dollar invested. If the Interstate Commerce Commission, without legislation looking to the financial control of the railroads, should sanction an increase in freight rates, their action would be tantamount to placing the stamp of approval upon past financial excesses and mismanagement and leaving the way open for similar practices in the future.

W. Jett Lauck.

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THE DISAPPEARING RIGHT OF PRIVATE PROPERTY

BY DANIEL F. KELLOGG

At every general election held in the country in the last few years—with the exception, perhaps, of last year—there has been a considerable increase in the vote cast for the Socialist candidates; and the fact has been commonly alluded to as offering the strongest evidence of the development in the United States of a body of Socialist opinion pure and simple, that is, of a Karl Marx Socialism or of a Socialism as interpreted by the great German leaders of this school of thought. But among our practical politicians and close observers of political affairs the tendency has been to regard the development as not so much a growth of real Socialism as of popular discontentedness, for general reasons, with the two old political parties of the land. Both these parties have passed, according to the views entertained by many people, into a state of senility, boss-ridden and outworn; and new political platforms, if not new parties altogether, are demanded. After a time, it is optimistically argued, thousands of those who have been voting the Socialist ticket will return to former allegiances, the old parties, in the mean time, having ridden themselves of the bosses and put themselves in accord with progressive ideas. But this hopeful and favorable view has of late sensibly diminished even if it is still admitted that a true Karl Marx Socialism is probably not really gaining ground. It is not the Socialist vote, but the spirit behind the pseudo-Socialism—an hostility to wealth as such, and to the enjoyment by people of the accumulated fruits of personal industry that—despite the vehement assertion of the new "Progressivism" that such hostility is neither manifested nor desired—is filling the sober-minded citizens of these United States, and especially those who have managed to place a little money in the bank, with dismay.

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However it may be vaguely and tenderly defined, there has been going on with us in recent years and is now proceeding with giant strides a rapine of private property for public benefit and an organization of political action based upon the idea that the State should furnish individuals with conveniences, comforts, and luxuries which in all countries and in all past times it has been supposed that individuals should procure for themselves. It is a movement that is characterized not simply by a silly and fatuous humanitarianism and an extraordinary degree of unreason, but by obvious motives of plunder and by attempts which have now become unglossed and unveiled to make the poorer classes of the community favored both in taxation and in the application of general law itself. The oft-repeated motto of one of the great newspapers in the city of New York, and a newspaper that is by no means the most radical among the metropolitan journals, is, "Tax wealth, not poverty," by which it is, of course, suggested that poor people shall not bear any share of the burdens of maintaining society and of executing the laws of the land, but that the cost thereof shall be provided by those who, through frugality and hard work, have managed to lay by a surplus store of property after taking care of the current needs of themselves and their families. The parlous state into which municipal credit has fallen all over the United States is due to the tremendous over-expenditures of municipalities for the pleasure and comfort of their inhabitants—that is to say, to an eager and reckless authorization of these expenditures by the mass of people in these cities who are actuated by the notion that the burden of the expense will fall in only a small degree upon themselves personally; and while this theory is in part fallacious, it is not wholly so, since the loss has fallen in fact chiefly upon owners of real estate who have been unable to recoup themselves by higher rents. A fair instance of the process is that afforded by the experience of the city of New York, which is now putting out hundreds of millions of dollars in the construction of new subways in which people will be transported long distances at nominal charge. None of these subways could be built or operated at private expense, even if a franchise were to be freely granted by the city, unless a much greater charge for personal use of the convenience could be obtained than that which is now imposed. It is not intended to make the

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present article a catalogue of incidents like the foregoing, for they are matters of the common and every-day knowledge of intelligent people; but something like an adequate realization of the stage at which democratic government in our country has arrived and of its willingness to prostitute itself to the work may be gathered by some deliberate contemplation of the rider to the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill passed in June at the extra session of Congress. This was a clause placed in the bill which forbade the Department of Justice to spend any portion of the three hundred thousand dollars set apart for its use in the enforcement of the anti-trust law in any proceedings directed against either farmers or members of labor unions; and the bill containing this restriction was signed by a President who, in his book entitled *The New Freedom,* laid eloquent and elevating emphasis upon the necessity of maintaining, at any hazard and every cost of personal sacrifice, the equality before the law of all individuals and all classes of people in our country.

It cannot fail to be noted that what the President and the Congress have done here is to find a way, and carry it out, of evading the Constitution of the United States, and that, if they are successful in so doing, there is little of like nature that they cannot do. A straightforward law exempting farmers and members of labor unions from the operation of the anti-trust statute would be promptly declared unconstitutional by the courts, but a means by which the great constitutional safeguards of equality and justice can be smothered has been discovered, nevertheless. What Congress has done has been, practically, to proscribe the business interests of the country, except those that can be classed in farming or labor-union category, by means of a bill of attainder; and, now that the first step of this kind has been taken, can it be any wonder that business men are alarmed in no small degree as to what may be the second?

Of more amiable nature, but thoroughly illustrative of the current tendency, are the measures that have recently become laws in many States and strenuously urged in others, providing for minimum wages for women. Those familiar with the debates in the various State Legislatures when these laws were passed say that there was very little attention paid to the monstrous economic fallacy involved in the proposed statutes. The sole argument for the enactments

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was that "they would be popular things to carry through," and the fundamental theory obtaining in the matter, if any theory obtained at all, was that the general capital of the country should be drawn upon unlimitedly in order to maintain wages of working people at a certain rate. That the rate of wages received by laborers depends, like everything else, upon relations between supply and demand, and that the country might be impoverished in an effort to set these relations aside, were questions that were entirely unheeded and were not even asked. Another development of like nature has been the statutes recently enacted in many States providing for "full crews" on railroad trains—that is to say, requiring that railroad companies should man their trains with a certain number of trainmen irrespective of the question whether the trains could not be manned with perfect efficiency by a smaller number. These are laws that have not been indorsed by public-service commissions or by anybody except the railway labor unions; and they were passed, as is now frankly admitted, in a spirit of outright demagogy, and in the same spirit in which the Government of the United States was induced in the early 'nineties to pass laws and to spend uncounted millions in an effort to keep silver metal at a higher value than that to which it was entitled by natural law. The memory of the colossal financial and business panic which was induced thereby has apparently faded from the public mind.

The railway business, as one deriving its life from a public franchise, has, naturally, been the one that has suffered most through impositions of this kind; and it is now obvious to all persons of intelligence that, because of the increased cost of railway operation, due to increases in the pay of employees—supported up to the present time by public sentiment—and the expense necessitated by obedience to orders of State and National utility commissions, the railway business itself is being driven into the ground. Investment in the stocks of railway companies has apparently ceased. Not a banker can be found who will recommend these stocks to a purchaser; and the substantial reason therefor is that even bankers and experts in investment matters, not to speak of average individuals, find themselves unable, because of the attitude of the public, to form any accurate judgment of the present or future value of railway properties. With the railroads no longer able to

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pay dividends upon their stocks that will invite investment therein, or to borrow money for pressing demands, Government ownership of the railways is, of course, inevitable; and, as the Government will not be able to operate the railroads any more economically than the former owners did, and will undoubtedly operate them at greater cost, the transportation of people and merchandise will have to be accomplished by means of money raised by taxation and the taxation will be so arranged as to be borne by the rich.

Those who may be inclined to criticize this statement as fanciful and extravagant are respectfully asked to consider the present experience of our railroad companies with the new parcels-post scheme, originated by the Government, whereby the railroads are compelled to carry large parcels at a cost of seventeen million dollars in excess of the sum contemplated in existing contracts, and where the object specifically desired by the Government is to furnish to the people a cheaper means of sending matter by express or, in the words of a spokesman for the present National Administration, "to furnish competition for the existing express companies which the companies will not be able to meet." The worst phase of all this is that it serves to enhance the cost of living that is at the bottom of the trouble. So far as I know, there has never been any dissent among political economists from Ricardo's doctrine of Economic Rent, which is that the price of agricultural products is determined by the cost of the most costly part that is needed to feed the people. It must be such as to defray the cost of the usual rate of wages and to pay capital involved in the operation the usual rate of income. The bearing upon this of any obstruction placed in the way of a good railway service, including the construction of railways into all parts of the country where foodstuffs can be produced, needs no elucidation. With railroad construction in the country at an absolute standstill and the whole railway business under a ban, there can be little, if any, improvement in railway service and no reduction in the cost of living caused by a cheap transportation to market of agricultural products from the outlying parts of the country where agriculture can be carried on.

A general movement of the kind outlined is progressing with amazing speed through every ramification of our national life. It is declared by those who regard it with toler-

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ance, or at least profess to be not alarmed over it, that the same phenomenon is observable in Europe. On the other side of the Atlantic the weight of taxation, of death duties, income taxes, and so forth is, it is alleged, heavier than it is in the United States, and people submit to it without complaining that their countries are passing into a state of either Socialism or Anarchy. Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that this is the case, it remains for the future to disclose whether the taxation now suffered by the people of Europe will not be proved by events to be greater than they can stand and that it means, in essence, a contribution laid for the purpose of meeting current expenses upon capital as distinguished from current earnings. But the contention is wholly unsound. The people of Europe are assenting to this taxation, although recognizing it as a grievous burden, almost solely because of what they conceive to be the necessity of providing for additional armament. There is in Europe no craze, as there is in our own country, for reducing swollen fortunes or for raiding the rich by the method of making wealthy people pay all the taxes.

There is no reason to question the accuracy of the explanation commonly given as the fundamental cause of this condition—that it is due to the increased cost of living; such increased cost being that inevitably arising from the disparity between the growth of our population in recent years and the quantity of our crop production. The figures of the thirteenth decennial census, as they have been informally but none the less officially given to the public, show that, while our population has increased twenty-one per cent. in the time covered by the census, the quantity of our crop production has increased but one per cent. The figures show likewise, as might be expected, that there has been an immense falling off, relatively, in the farm population of the country and an immense crowding of people into cities and towns. To a greater or less extent the same conditions are seen all over the world. But there are causes of the phenomena peculiar to our country, besides the social displacements induced by the higher cost of living. There may be particularly mentioned the increased influence through the years of a characteristic American dislike of anything like a careful, dispassionate, and thorough study of social questions and of taking the amount of time and patience necessary for obtaining scientific knowledge in complicated mat-

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ters; nor is it too much to say that certain fallacies of economic thought seem to be almost ineradicable in the United States. One of these is the notion that there is a direct relation of cause and effect between railway capitalization and railway freight and passenger rates, an idea for which there has never been the slightest basis, but which has at all times mightily possessed the popular imagination. Another is the quantitative theory of money, which is highly plausible on its face to the average person, which has been the genesis of the greenback and fiat-money crazes that have perennially swept over the land, and notably displays itself in the present bill for the creation of a new banking system. To this day, even in the financial district in the metropolis of the country, the notion that gold is wealth or that mere money is wealth plainly controls the thoughts of people who, by education and general intelligence, might be supposed to know better; and it is open to very serious dispute indeed whether there are not more people in the United States who believe this theory to be true than there are those who do not. A community governed by a sentiment of this kind is not one where reason can be expected on the cost-of-living question. There is the mortifying reflection, too, that distrust of forms of concentrated wealth, suspicion of banks and bankers, and a general jealousy of people of means and especially of corporations, has always been latent with us; and, inasmuch as concentration of wealth and the division between classes has been more pronounced in other great civilized countries than in our own, and the so-called "idle rich" here less in evidence than elsewhere, the only imaginable source of the peculiar intensity of this jealousy in the United States is, paradoxically, the greater love of money that prevails here, the greater desire of the average American to become rich himself. Traces of this spirit were noticeable even during the good old times before the War of Independence, were pronounced after the French Revolution, and became a political factor in the outbreak of opposition in the early part of the last century to the first Bank of the United States under the leadership of Henry Clay, a man whom no one, even in his own day, called a radical.

Finally, an element of immense force in the present crisis is the decay in recent years, in the United States, in religious beliefs. With the very general sweeping away or at least great modification of orthodox religious ideas and the failure

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of substitution in their place of ethical standards, the old-fashioned principles of right and wrong, of *Meum* and *Tuum* have also largely disappeared; so that it has naturally followed that the security of property is no longer looked upon, as it once was, as just as essential to the interests of society as the security of human life itself. From many points of view it has become the great current question and is one of plain honesty and dishonesty. Specifically and directly, the source has been twofold: The influence of sensational journalism, which includes that of the muck-raking magazines, and the propaganda of ignorance, unrest, and discontent which, for a decade, has been simmering in the so-called and miscalled "Chautauqua assemblies." Reference is unnecessary to the first of these, except to point out that it has been proved impossible for the old-time decent and conservative journalism of instruction to withstand the temptation to take the larger profits to be gained through muck-raking. Indeed, conservative journalism is no longer a paying proposition, and is rapidly dying out. The extent of the influence exerted by the self-styled "Chautauqua" gatherings is only slightly understood in the Eastern part of the country, probably because these assemblages are comparatively uncommon in the East. There are, however, about three hundred and fifty "Chautauqua" organizations in the country having permanent plants at summer places where the population entirely disappears with the close of a summer season lasting, usually, a couple of months; about three hundred other organizations having "plants"—mostly consisting, of course, of auditoriums—at towns or cities having a permanent population and where the Chautauqua sessions sometimes held in the winter-time have a more limited duration than at those first named; and from fifteen hundred to two thousand meetings, usually held in circus tents or other temporary places and conducted under the auspices of Lyceum Bureaus whose organization does not differ materially from those of the old lyceums known to a former generation. The word "Chautauqua," as attached to all these organizations, is a misnomer. None of these has any connection with the original Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly on Chautauqua Lake in New York State, and the word Chautauqua as used in reference to them should really be an uncapitalized adjective.

It is not intended to be asserted or intimated that

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the general tenor of the talk heard at these assemblages is of a Populist or Socialist character. The people in attendance there are the best elements of the communities in which they are located. They are respectable, orderly people and are of the class which is the backbone of our national life. Originally formed, however, in imitation of the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly, where the subjects discussed were of a religious or at least of a very serious character, the tendency has been at these gatherings toward lectures, discussions, and entertainments of a lighter vein, which, if in no way of a vulgar character, are yet of an essentially popular sort. Great differences also exist between the characters of different assemblies. Those designated as strictly summer places have retained the primitive spirit more closely than any other, while the circus-tent meetings, such as those to which public attention has been prominently directed during the present summer in connection with the speeches of Mr. Bryan, have come to partake of the nature of mere traveling theatrical organizations. As may be supposed, the trend of the talk heard at these meetings has been continually toward a greater radicalism. They are not places, taken as whole, where an hearty welcome is given to conservative or really scientific speakers, but where popular and rural prejudices are catered to and where the heresies and vagaries of the day are exploited.

Summing it all up, the position assumed at this time by a great mass of people in our country seems to be as follows: "We hear it explained that the higher cost of living is due to many natural and seemingly inevitable causes—to the relatively decreased supply of foodstuffs here and in the whole world, to the desire of people everywhere to live better than they did formerly, to foolish but more or less successful efforts of labor unions to obtain higher wages for a lesser number of hours of work, which has served, necessarily, to decrease the general productiveness of the nation and enhance the cost of the articles that are finally offered for sale, and to other forces of like nature. We are not interested in these explanations at all. We propose to stay in the cities if we wish to and we do not propose to be driven out upon the farms where our labor might be better paid and could be utilized in greater degree to the general advantage. We propose to go on increasing the population of the country if we wish to, and the

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State owes us a comfortable existence even if we bring forth children that are unfit for the battle of existence. We see that you, our neighbors, have been more fortunate than we have, and have managed to get more money together; and this money we propose to take for our own use, not exactly by means of highway robbery, but none the less by main force through the operation of law and by means of votes cast in State and National Legislatures by representatives who will do our bidding. We do not care for the right and wrong of the matter or for what you call 'the former conservative way of looking at these things.' If you say that all this will result in a general dispersion of property, in a destruction of the capital of the country and an ultimate reign of universal poverty, we say we do not care whether it will or not. Such an event will probably not come in our own time, if it comes at all. After us the deluge."

DANIEL F. KELLOGG.

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FILIPINO CAPACITY FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT

BY GEORGE HENRY SHELTON, CAPTAIN UNITED STATES ARMY

I

SINCE the legislature, more than any other branch, is the touchstone of a government's character, the executive promise to appoint hereafter a majority of native members to the Philippine Commission is, in effect, the longest stride yet taken toward self-government in the Philippine Islands. It transfers at once responsibility for local legislation from American to Philippine shoulders. Heretofore the Commission, as the Upper House, though unable since the creation of the Assembly, or Lower House, in 1907, to enact legislation to which the Filipinos were unitedly opposed, has still, through its American majority, been able to prevent the enactment of legislation held by them to be inimical to republican government or opposed to the interests of the archipelago. Hereafter, between the statute-books and whatever native legislators may desire there can be no barrier except the veto.

Unquestionably many friends of the Filipinos will regard this concession with some fear, albeit with much hope. No one will, or need, despair. Though long and crucial, it is still only another step along the path of popular government steadily pursued in our conduct of Philippine affairs since the Treaty of Paris. Against this progress, so long as the Filipinos show themselves even reasonably equal to the responsibilities involved, there can be nothing urged; but against the jump to independence, without regard to where the Filipinos (or ourselves) are going to alight, there is much. And yet this leap is still encouraged by Filipinos and threatened at home. It is not to be forgotten that the bill reported to the House during the last Congress provid-

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ing for independence, practical on passage and complete after eight years, brought us near to the take-off—so near, in truth, that, whether through absence of courage or presence of judgment, enough drew back in alarm to prevent final action. Yet it is not safe, on this account, nor on account of the apparent determination of the present administration to avoid precipitate action, to assume that this measure is dead. Too many earnest, if mistaken, men are interested in it. Accepting this, the Philippine issue is still worth discussion.

Unfortunately, altruism and selfishness have combined throughout to cloud this issue. Through all the argument for and against American control, sentimentalism and commercialism have run riot. Neither should influence final decision. Nothing but the welfare of the Filipinos can provide an honest basis of settlement. Until this is determined, until, not what perhaps is best, but what will assure reasonable peace and progress in the Philippines, is ascertained, all other matters are aside. Thus the cost of the Philippines and their value to us are alike unimportant. Our admitted accomplishments in the Islands are equally immaterial. It is not a question whether the Filipinos unaided could do as much. No one believes they could. It is a question simply whether, alone, they could do sufficiently well—whether independence would mean progress or retrogression.

The Filipinos, it is said, desire independence. Many certainly profess to. As a matter of fact, the desire is far from unanimous, and, as another, there are some, at least, who, while professing it, if they do not altogether hope that it will not be granted, still in their hearts fear the result. Many more have no idea, literally or figuratively, what independence means. The voice of this class is not heard here, nor is it heard strongly in the Islands.

If this be admitted, the question narrows then to the capacity of the Filipinos for maintaining a reasonably decent, progressive, independent government. There is, of course, the external problem whether, even with internal peace and prosperity, they could maintain themselves as an independent entity in the family of nations; but this, as well, may be neglected until the other is answered.

For venturing to express here my own opinion in the matter I may submit that I have lived in five of the larger

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islands of the Philippines for three years and for five years since have been in close touch with Philippine affairs and necessarily a student of them. I like the Filipinos, and number many of them as friends. I count myself their friend; and I speak as their friend when I say that they are lacking now, individually and collectively, in the capacity for self-government, and particularly for self-government under republican forms, and that, left to themselves, chaos will sooner or later inevitably result. Finally, these views are based not only on observation and study of the Filipino and his affairs, but on certain universal characteristics of human-kind; and are confirmed by facts that, if not at once admitted, cannot, I believe, be controverted.

Biologically, the individual is the product of heredity and environment. Nations, which are but aggregations of individuals, are no less so. The future of any people is to be judged only by its past development and its present environment. The likelihood of the Filipino peoples maintaining themselves as an independent national entity and the character of the government that would develop, if maintenance be possible, are to be judged only in the same way. The capacity of the Filipinos, like any other people, is to be shown by their blood, their training, and their experiences. Each of these denies successively present capacity for self-government; each of them laughs at republican forms.

Primarily the Filipinos are tropical peoples. And nowhere have tropical peoples yet carried self-government to success. Most of them, indeed, are still subject races, without thought in a wide sense of anything different. Again, excepting the aboriginal Negritos, a vanishing stock without future, the mass of Filipinos is pure or nearly pure Malayan. As an item of heredity, there is no case in history where the Malay of himself has been able to create a government, or has done aught to advance the arts of civilization. Yet in justice we are interested here in a different order of Malayan peoples than the general run. Excepting the pagan tribes and the Moros, some seven-eighths of the inhabitants of the Philippines, or nearly seven million in number, are Christians, who for more than three centuries have been under the tutelage of Western Christian civilization. It is this great majority that is meant ordinarily by the term Filipinos, and it is this body that concerns us now.

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Much has been written of the Filipinos during the last twenty years, and much of the testimony is favorable. Most of the Americans who since 1898 have visited the Islands speak well of them. They are quiet, moral—albeit, perhaps, in another than Western sense—generous and hospitable, and devoted to their families. Taken young, they are easily led, easily educated, and develop under training marvelous manual dexterity. They are highly imitative. They love music. They are sensitive. Well led, they have shown marked loyalty—to persons rather than causes—and denied the characteristic of treachery imputed to the Malay. Well led, also, they have shown marked physical courage.

Now these are all desirable qualities, but are they sufficient of themselves to assure capacity for separate nationality, much less for maintenance of popular self-government? A people easily led may, it is true, be easily governed. The United States since the establishment of civil government has found few practical difficulties in governing the Filipinos. But easy control of peoples easily led is dependent upon the number and power of leaders. People easily led in one direction are easily led in another, and with the development of different and equally powerful leaders, division and corresponding difficulty in control might readily follow. Generosity, morality, hospitality, and the other qualities enumerated do not of themselves signify capacity for progress or self-control. For leadership, for progress in any line, there must be always energy and initiative. And unfortunately no one has testified to the possession of energy and initiative by the Filipinos. No one can—the Filipinos do not possess them; they lack them utterly.

They lack these qualities originally through heredity. Historically no Malay people has revealed them. Indeed, no tropical people has revealed them. It may be blood or it may be climate—the fact remains. Lacking them originally, what opportunities have the Filipinos had to develop them since? For the centuries of Spanish domination certainly there was none. Time was, it is true, when individual liberty, under which only does individual initiative thrive, was the genius of Spain. But that was long centuries ago. During nearly the whole period of Spanish control in the Philippines, Spain herself grew steadily more centralized, and the safeguards of personal liberty were wholly lost.

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Spanish freemen did not, in rebellion against this tendency, flock to the Philippines, as English freemen flocked for the same reason and at the same time to Western Atlantic shores. Only a few of the controlling classes at home—priests and monks, soldiers and civil officeholders—went out to control with increased rigidity in the Far East colony. There the native, when reached at all, was a chattel. He was guided, led, driven—into bondage. He was Christianized, truly a marvelous work, but he was held, purposely, in ignorance and superstition. Energy was discouraged; initiative was punished.

Only with the advent of the Americans, with the institution of popular education, with the establishment of local autonomy in the municipalities, with an increasing share by natives in the insular government, and with the encouragement of native industries, was opportunity for development of these qualities provided. And it seems inconceivable that a people lacking them at the outset and held for more than three centuries in an environment preventing their development could in a dozen years develop either energy or initiative to a point likely to be a controlling factor in their immediate future.

But the lack of these qualities, it may be said, is asserted, not established. Exceptions occur to all. Rizal, the Filipino martyr; Aguinaldo, who led the insurrection; the crippled Mabini, his minister and intellect; Bonifacio, the illiterate but powerful chief of the Katipúnan, who died because in Aguinaldo's way; Antonio Luna, War Minister of the Malolos Government, who died for the same reason; Sixto Lopez, the insurgent emissary to the United States; Areneto, Chief Justice of the Islands; Arellano, Attorney-General; Speaker Osmeña of the Assembly; Manuel Quezon, the active commissioner representing the Philippines in the Congress of the United States; Aglipay, the leader of the Philippine Church; Sumulong, Legarda, de Tavera, Lim, Mapa, all prominent in public life, in literature, in medicine, or law—all these and others have revealed energy and initiative in many different directions. And there are native-born, outside of public life and the learned professions, engaged in commerce, agriculture, or industry, that have shown these qualities finely in their own lines of work. Assuredly energy and initiative are essential to independent existence, but how, in the face of these notable examples,

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is it possible to deny their possession to the Filipinos? The answer is simple. It is nothing against the native-born named and all the others that might be named to say that they establish nothing for the Filipinos, since they themselves—are not Filipinos. This is the fundamental fact of blood that tells the whole story of the Philippines. These and every native-born that has reached distinction in any line, that has even of himself attained mediocrity, are mestizos—mixed of blood. The strain that has given them the desire to advance, to struggle, to succeed, is not Malay, not Filipino; it is foreign. And most of those named, let this be well noted—and most of those that might be named—are Chinese mestizos—their fathers or grandfathers or great-grandfathers or even more remote ancestors were Chinese. Observation seems to establish that immediate Chinese ancestry on one side means less for progress than the more remote. The half-breed means less of good (and frequently more of bad) than the quarter, the eighth, or the sixteenth. Very slight dilution means often the best.

There is nothing definite as to the number of mestizos in the Philippines. They form, comparatively speaking, a small fraction of the population. In this, however, the Chinese is dominant. This is natural. Though in possession of Spain for more than three centuries, there was never much Spanish emigration to the Islands. Until the opening of the Suez Canal it was confined practically, as already indicated, to the priests and governing officials. Following the opening of the canal there was an influx from Spain bent on commerce and industry, but it never reached large proportions. The Chinese, on the contrary, when permitted and even when not permitted, came to the Philippines steadily for three centuries. Nearly always this was for purposes of trade, seldom with the intent of remaining. Nevertheless, at the time of the census in 1903, while there were but about four thousand inhabitants of Spanish birth, there were over forty thousand of Chinese birth. Whatever the proportion of mestizos, the Chinese and Spanish infusions are strongest. Ours and other foreign mixtures are negligible. The important thing is that the Chinese dominates.

Mr. Wright, formerly Governor-General, out of his experience in the Islands, once expressed the belief that there was not a single family of prominent, dominant Filipinos there who had not Chinese blood. Quoting this, Professor

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Albert E. Jenks, of the University of Minnesota, formerly chief of the Philippine Ethnological Survey, said in 1912:

> Now, as then, I disagree absolutely and fundamentally with President Taft in his policy concerning the Chinese in the Philippine Islands. The full-blood Malayan Filipino has no great future in the Philippine Islands; if we allow the Chinese to come in and breed up a new race of men, then the Filipino will have a future. It is the Chinese mixed blood who is the dominant, prominent leader in the Islands. That is a simple statement of fact.

We need not consider the suggestion now. Certainly it is not our present intention, however desirable, "to breed up a new race of men" in the Philippines. But if we turn the Islands adrift, if we leave them to the dominance of a few thousand Chinese part-bloods, will they attempt to give the Filipinos a future in this way? It does not seem likely. The Chinese mestizo despises the Chinese as only a relative can. Will they attempt to find a future in some other way for the pure-blood native? to raise him to their standard, socially and politically? It seems equally unlikely. The mestizo despises the pure of blood as only the mixed can. What, then, will be the outcome? Class control, first of all; then class hatred; and then—chaos.

This is not guesswork: it is logic. It is merely a future continuing from a past. We found in the Philippines nearly eight million souls, the great majority of whom, pure of blood, lived generally dispersed throughout the archipelago, in ignorance, poverty, and indolence; and a small minority, mixed of blood, educated, wealthy, and ambitious, generally in the cities and towns. For the pure-blood Malay is not urban, and he is not a traveler. Thousands of families are living to-day, as always, in little shacks in the hills, remote from all others, from which none of the occupants have ever moved more than twenty miles. Thousands of others are in little villages, almost equally remote—and are equally content to remain there. These thousands make up largely the mass of seven millions, whose voice is never heard and who have little use for a voice, because, if left alone, they are content. Yet most of them have been peons, or no better; many of them are peons now, or no better. They obey, as always, their head man, who, in turn, obeys still some other superior, nine times out of ten of mixed blood. But infuse into one of this mass some stronger blood and he changes. If the mixture is good he becomes head

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man or higher superior himself; he travels, moves into the town; enters into the struggle for wealth and place—and achieves both. So some of them changed in the past, and thereby produced the small, superior mestizo class that dominates to-day. It is the voice of this class that is heard; that fills the ears of visiting parties of Congressmen; that shouts across the sea for independence—and yet it is the same class that helps ably in many ways in the maintenance of our government there. Under Spain it was no different. Until, in part, it rebelled against Spanish domination it helped ably in maintaining Spanish control. The under officers of the government, the local chiefs, the native-born priests, all came from it—had indeed to come from it, because, speaking generally, there was no other class of sufficient force, energy, and education on which to draw. In part, finally, it rebelled and carried with it in rebellion part of those of the mass it controlled; rebelled honestly, no doubt, in part, but also in a considerable measure, most students must conclude, not so much from hatred of Spanish power as from love of its own.

And a dozen years of our control has not wrought revolution in the hearts of men. We have improved the Islands; we have not altered the islanders. The mass is still separated, still divided into many tribes, with different languages and dialects, different customs, and different hatreds. Though suppressed now because their mestizo leaders, otherwise engaged, are united in a common cause, intertribal differences are as ready as ever to crop out whenever these leaders may be left with time to develop them. Slowly, education and a common language are spreading among them. But the older generation we cannot hope to reach. It will hold its own views, continue its old obedience, be satisfied as of old without a voice until the end. Nor can we reach more than part of the younger. The rest will grow up largely under the hold of old customs. To reach all will require many years. We ourselves may never reach them; but we should not delude ourselves into believing that the dominant class in the Philippines to-day will ever of its own accord attempt to reach them.

For the Philippines present a condition, if not new in history, at least found nowhere else to-day. In few countries are the pure of blood in so large a majority as in the Philippines; in no country not held subject to autocratic power

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has the pure-blood native-born so little social, political, and industrial influence as in the Philippines; in no other country whatever do we find a small minority of mixed-breeds dominating in every circle.

Independence for the Philippines now would not mean independence for the Filipinos: it would mean unchecked power for the mestizos. Republican forms of government would not, with independence, mean republican government; they would mean unchecked control by the mestizos—for so long as the Chinese mestizos could dominate the others and agree among themselves. This is not meant harshly. There are good mestizos, many of them, and bad mestizos, perhaps in the same proportion. Mestizos are no different in this respect than the rest of us. Certainly there are many among them who are honest, earnest, cultured men whom it is a pleasure and profit to know. As a class they are no more or less than the rest of us—the product biologically of heredity and environment. And there is probably no doubt that, in unfettered control, they would provide better government for the Philippines than the voiceless host of pure-bloods could hope to create. Only it would not be republican—and it would not last.

II

The insurrection of 1899 against the United States, like its prototype of 1896 against Spain, has been called a Tagalog rebellion. Both began in the Tagalog provinces. Most of the leaders of both were Tagalogs. All the inspiration was Tagalog. Aguinaldo, the high chief of both, and Mabini, probably the brains of both, were Tagalogs. The reason is apparent, but the title is still a misnomer. Both were mestizo rebellions. Both began in the strongest mestizo provinces. Most of the leaders were mestizos. All the inspiration was mestizo. And Aguinaldo and Mabini were both mestizos.

It is true that the Tagalogs, though far second to the Visayans in number, are, as a tribe, more active and advanced than any other. It is to be doubted, however, whether this is due so much to any difference in stock as to heredity and environment; to greater admixture of blood, and to location. The Tagalog provinces surround Manila, the capital and the only great city and port of the archi-

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pelago. To Manila came first all of the Spaniards and most of the Chinese. From Manila they and their descendants spread first, naturally enough, and always in predominating numbers, to the nearest (Tagalog) provinces. There their blood diffused more rapidly, and, as a consequence, more mestizos are there than elsewhere. The cause of Tagalog supremacy is not Malay, but Chinese.

During both rebellions, call them what we may, a revolutionary government was instituted, styled the Philippine, or Filipino, Republic. These two efforts comprise all of the experience of the Filipinos in conducting government unaided. From this experience we may judge something certainly of how the Filipinos would conduct government unaided now. True, they must have here gained some knowledge during the last dozen years; but, again, a dozen years does not change the nature of a race or the customs of a people. The blotting power of centuries is too great to permit hope that, if left now, what we have written in the Philippines could long endure.

The nature of the two revolutionary governments was probably not largely different. We know more of the second; it is of greater interest to us; it was undoubtedly nearer completion in forms and had a larger sphere of action. It will be sufficient for our purpose. Aguinaldo chose Malolos as his capital until he could take Manila. He held Malolos until driven out by the American advance. His government there was termed the Malolos Government.

There has been much loose talk concerning it. For the Filipinos, it is claimed that the government thus established was complete in all its branches, based on a written Constitution, republican in form, and that it extended to all parts of the archipelago. Against this, for the Americans, it is stated that it was incomplete in practice, imperfect in control, limited in extent, and unrepublican in form. Plainly, the unprejudiced historian is not to hope for historical truth from prejudiced observers of the struggle in the Philippines. The Philippine advocate, working then for independence and professing the same desire now, must naturally color his account to reflect his cause. But the American, as well, victorious then and anxious perhaps now to preserve the fruits of his victory, may paint his picture with the same brush of exaggeration. It is not from either that the truth is to come. It is only from the records of the

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Malolos Government itself. Fortunately, the future historian will find better original sources than is given to the historian of most events. But, for the complete story, we shall have long to wait, for his task will be heavy.

During the insurrection there fell into American hands some two hundred thousand insurgent documents, in all forms from tattered bits of wrapping-paper with illegible scrawls to carefully written books of many pages of stamped paper. They were in all conditions and many languages. They included all the records of the Malolos Government that, so far as known, have survived. Translations of some of these documents have been published, and many more made. All have been examined, most of them sorted and arranged in order, and diligently studied. This was not my work, but I have had the benefit of much of it, and it is out of this and my own study that the opinion expressed here and the facts given come.

And all point to this. The Government of Aguinaldo was not complete. It did not have all of the forms in practice. It did not extend over all, or even over a considerable part, of the archipelago at the same time. It was not republican in any way whatsoever. It was an oligarchy of extreme type. Control rested in a little group of educated, ambitious, and powerful natives, mostly or all mestizos, surrounding Aguinaldo, guiding him and possibly dominating him, exercising its authority whenever necessary by force, often employing cruelty, and apparently not hesitating even at assassination to preserve its power. Representative government was promised, but the promise was never kept. A Congress was assembled, but the selection of its members made the forms of popular government a mockery. A Constitution was published, but only after General Otis had issued his proclamation announcing that the Government of the United States would be extended over the Islands, and then only to deceive the Americans by suggesting that the Filipino peoples were prepared to govern themselves under forms that Americans loved.

Much of the story of this Congress and this Constitution and its so-called ratification is revealed. By Aguinaldo's decree suffrage was limited to those "marked by their good conduct, their wealth, and their social position." This was sufficient to confine it to the *principales,* or head men, of a former day who held the masses in the bonds of peonage.

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The heads of towns thus chosen were in turn to elect a head of the province and three councilors. This council of four was to elect representatives to the Congress. The Congress was charged with "submitting suggestions" to the central Government, and it was to be heard by the Government "upon serious matters which admit of delay and discussion." Aguinaldo, with his little group of advisers, was the Government referred to. Before any one elected to office could discharge its functions, his election had to be approved by the central Government—by Aguinaldo. In case a province was unable to elect representatives, they were to be appointed by the central Government—by Aguinaldo. Where matters would not admit of delay, the President was to act upon his own judgment. The President was to decide what matters would admit of delay. The acts of this Congress were not to go into effect until the President ordered their execution. Finally, the President had the right of veto. This form of government was carried into partial effect as rapidly as territory won from the Spaniards could be covered; but it was carried into effect under commissioners sent by Aguinaldo to each province, who conducted a form of election, with the chosen representatives subject in each case to his approval. This alone is sufficient to establish that all real power was held by the central group, with Aguinaldo at its head.

In most cases Aguinaldo's commissioners were officers of his army. In some cases they appointed delegates for the elections in the smaller towns, but in most cases they presided themselves. It was they who selected the electors "marked by their good conduct, their wealth, and their social position," and they appear in most cases to have been unable to find many with the prescribed qualifications. In Lipa, for instance, with over forty thousand inhabitants, a *presidente*, or mayor, was chosen, for whom twenty-five votes were cast. There were many other similar instances.

And it was a Congress so chosen that ratified the Constitution. As printed by the Philippine Government, this instrument was signed by ninety-three members. According to another list, it appears likely that only nineteen of these were elected even under the mock elections held. The others must have been appointed. It has been said that Mabini wrote this Constitution. On the contrary, he struggled strenuously against its adoption, and there is little doubt

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that this was the action that led to his fall from power. For a constitution was thought necessary to meet the conditions confronting the insurgent Government, and Mabini appears to have been too honest to play this kind of politics. Mabini had, indeed, long before written a constitution, but also long before this he had become convinced that no form of constitution could then meet the situation; and over his own signature he confessed to Aguinaldo that only a dictatorship could hope to succeed.

So the Constitutional Government went into operation; but, notwithstanding, republican principles seem not to have been well understood. It was a common usage to refer to Aguinaldo and his consort as " the royal family." His orders were " royal decrees." An officer of his army writing to him, said:

> In accordance with the order of the Secretary of War of our republican Government . . . issued in compliance with the royal decree. . . .

Another follower in Tondo, protesting against the acts of the local *presidente,* said:

> With this purpose, then, we respectfully approach the foot of your high throne. . . .

And so on without number. Of course, this might have been the ignorance of the mass; but by telegraph to Malolos General Noriel inquired, January 13, 1899, concerning the nature of the rewards for his officers when he should take Manila. Aguinaldo wrote the reply on the back of Noriel's message, promising for " the heroes "

> . . . a large quantity of money, . . . crosses of Biak-na-bató, Marquis of Malate, Ermita, Count of Manila, etc. . . .

Curious rewards, these, for a republican Government to offer; still more curious when we know that only a week later Aguinaldo approved a Constitution forbidding titles in the Philippines. This, too, may have been ignorance, but, if so, was it ignorance of anything except republican principles?

The financial transactions of the so-called government showed much of the same—ignorance. The Malolos Congress authorized a loan of twenty million pesos, and the establishment of a bank " in Manila " to receive the proceeds. Nothing came of the bank, of course, but the loan was formally ordered. The Government announced that

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it was "spontaneous and voluntary." There was nothing spontaneous about it, and little that was voluntary. It was, in part, collected—by persuasion when possible, by force when necessary. The order forbade force, and the collectors used it. Probably they had to use it. Far from all that was collected reached the treasury.

It is impossible, if not unnecessary, to go farther here into the record of the Philippine Republic. The whole points unerringly to the same end. The Government was republican in nothing except name. Most of the controlling group of mestizos were ignorant of republican principles; and with most of them nothing was farther from their minds than the maintenance of a Government that should admit to equality with them, either socially or politically, the voiceless mass of the Filipino peoples.

A Government by them to-day would be no different. For so long as it lasted it would be no more than a mestizo oligarchy in absolute and selfish control of seven million Filipinos. Their blood, their training, and their practice establish this. Neither the welfare of the Filipino nor the pride of the American is to be preserved by helping to such an end.

GEORGE HENRY SHELTON.

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WAS NEW YORK'S VOTE STOLEN?

BY WILLIAM GORHAM RICE AND FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON

I

CAN the electoral vote of New York State be stolen? Did such a theft occur in 1884? Was the will of the people then criminally perverted and did Democracy come into power at Cleveland's first election with a fraudulent title to the Presidency?

These questions arise for the reason that doubt of the honesty of the declared result of the Presidential vote of New York in 1884 has been announced recently by a writer of considerable reputation. Even if not supported by evidence, a suspicion of this kind put forth by responsible authority is not unlikely to have some weight when in the future the story of our own times comes to be written. Especially may this occur if the allegation remains uncontroverted and secures without challenge a place in the record of the present. A statement expressing such a doubt seems, therefore, to deserve consideration at this time and to warrant reply from representatives of those who had close association with the first election of Mr. Cleveland and direct knowledge of the events of that campaign.

It is true that immediately after that election a few bitter partisans of minor consequence and some subordinate office-holders, who through undisturbed occupation for twenty-four years had come to look upon government place as a private perquisite, indulged in a recreation perhaps fairly to be characterized as "swearing at the Court." Some newspaper writers, too, whose election predictions had gone wrong, and other men who had made wagers and lost, apparently found mitigation of their disappointment in claiming that there were frauds in the count. Where these

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frauds were they did not attempt to specify, but consoled themselves with vague and undefined accusations. After a little time, however, virtually all these accusers admitted fair defeat and the trustworthiness of the returns showing Cleveland's election was accepted by unprejudiced and carefully informed men throughout the country. In the State of New York where the issue particularly arose and where all the facts were best known there was a universal conclusion that a truthful result had been declared.

Though generally conversant with all that has been written about Mr. Cleveland, I had never seen this charge of dishonesty as to the declared vote of New York supported by name until the publication of an article entitled "Election Superstitions and Fallacies" by Edward Stanwood, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1912. Mr. Stanwood is a well-known writer whose reputation as a publicist has been largely established by his *History of the Presidency*. He is also the author of a *Tariff History of the United States*, written from the protectionist point of view, it is true, but esteemed upon the whole accurate even by those who are adverse to the protectionist theory. Mr. Stanwood presented something more than vague and unsubstantial accusation and, accordingly, on October 8th, I wrote him:

DEAR SIR,—In the article "Election Superstitions and Fallacies" . . . you say, "there is a strong probability at least that he (Blaine) did actually have a plurality of the votes honestly cast in that State (New York)." Will you kindly refer me to the evidence which has led you to this conclusion?

I was well acquainted with the election procedure in the State of New York at that time, and I have never seen evidence to make me doubt the absolute accuracy of the count (of 1884), and until your statement I had not supposed that such count was questioned by any well-informed man.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM GORHAM RICE.

Mr. Stanwood, on October 11th, replied:

MY DEAR SIR,—I am unable to present any definite information to justify my statement that the vote of New York was fraudulently counted for Mr. Cleveland in 1884. In the nature of things such information, properly to be termed evidence, is impossible. But I am surprised that you should think that the count was not "questioned by any well-informed man," for it was most emphatically questioned by many. To my certain knowledge it was questioned by Mr. Blaine himself, but he was well aware that there was no way in which it could be investigated, and he would not have sanctioned an investigation if there had been a way to make it.

You probably do not know that I was, all my life, intimately connected

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with Mr. Blaine, as a cousin of his wife, as a fellow-townsman, as secretary of the Republican State Committee of Maine when he was the chairman, and in many other ways, and that I wrote his biography for a volume in the American Statesman series. I venture to append the remarks I made in that volume on the result of the election (page 291):

"New York was counted for Cleveland, but there were then, and are now, few Republicans cognizant of the facts who doubt that a plurality of votes was actually cast for Mr. Blaine. It was openly charged at the time, and commonly believed by Republicans, although Democrats warmly denied it, that in many precincts of New York City the votes for Butler were counted for Cleveland. The conviction, a few years later, of the unscrupulous boss of a town near New York, on a charge of falsifying election returns, confirmed in their opinion those who held the view that Blaine was really elected."

That, of course, is neither evidence nor an approach to evidence; but it does at least—so I think—justify the sentence from my article which you quote. The facts that the counting was in the hands of Mr. Blaine's opponents; that the opportunity to falsify the result existed; that such falsification had been practised on other occasions; and that there were many men in charge of the counting who were not above making false returns; all these things combine to suggest at least that when a national election could be carried by a reversal of 575 votes, the suspicion is not unreasonable. Yours truly, EDWARD STANWOOD.

Before Mr. Stanwood's and other similar accusations are taken up in detail and the process is considered by which the result of the election in question was ascertained in New York State, the situation there will be better comprehended by recalling some incidents of the Presidential campaign in 1884 which I have elsewhere related.

It was Grover Cleveland's courage and rectitude as shown in his public acts as Mayor and Governor that led to his first nomination for President. He drew to his support progressive-minded men from all parts of the country, many of whom previously had had no identification with, or even had been actively in antagonism to, the Democratic party. Opposed to him was James G. Blaine, who had long been conspicuous in public affairs, who had been Speaker of the House of Representatives, and who had secured the nomination after many years of aspiration and of devoted effort on the part of ardent admirers. At the close of his nation-wide speaking tour, just before Election Day, Mr. Blaine had passed through New York City. He was there long enough, however, to receive a clerical delegation whose spokesman, addressing him as the opponent of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," had met with neither immediate rebuke nor contradiction.

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As Assistant Secretary to Governor Cleveland I had direct knowledge of his campaign, and it so happened that I was particularly associated with the events of and immediately following Election Day. That day generally ends the Presidential campaign, but it was not so when the first extended control of national affairs by the Republican party ceased. In 1884, after a campaign perhaps unequaled in party heat from beginning to end—and in which the last week had been particularly exciting because of the incident referred to above—when the polls had closed interest suddenly intensified, and flamed up and centered upon the vital question of which candidate had carried New York State. The election there, it clearly appeared, was close, phenomenally close. A few hundred votes either way would determine it. To which side would the balance go? If in the one direction, Democracy after its long exclusion from power would be triumphant in the nation. If in the other, Republicanism would remain dominant. At once remembrance of the Tilden-Hayes controversy became vivid. Again the country was confronted with the dangers of a disputed title to the Presidency. Again the possibility even of civil war was in men's minds.

Mr. Cleveland, after casting his vote in Buffalo early on Election Day, had returned to the Executive Mansion at Albany. In the evening with a few intimate friends gathered about him he received the returns there. Congratulatory telegrams began to pour in soon after the polls closed, but while these despatches and friendly newspaper bulletins were claiming New York State for him by many thousands, few satisfactory detailed figures were received. There was no telegraph wire at the Executive Mansion, and even the telephone early went out of commission that night in a rain-storm which as the hours progressed became almost a deluge. Messengers were the only means of contact with the outside world. In this situation I went to the Albany *Argus* newspaper office and from the working press wire there began before long to get fairly exact, though fragmentary, returns. Assembling these in partial totals, I soon reached a conclusion which was at variance with the then general opinion that New York State had given a large majority for Mr. Cleveland. My conclusion was based upon percentages of comparative gain over other years as shown by the exact figures from scattered election districts both

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in cities and in rural communities. While the drift seemed constantly and surely favorable to Mr. Cleveland, it was so slight that I was satisfied his majority would not be over 2,000. This rather startling conclusion I wrote out, with condensed figures sustaining it, and sent it by special messenger to the Governor's Secretary, Colonel Lamont, who was with Mr. Cleveland at the Executive Mansion. The situation immediately became the subject of careful consideration there by the four or five men who had been in particularly close touch with the contest in New York State, and soon after midnight we sent the following telegrams to two or more prominent Democrats in virtually every county of the State:

> The only hope of our opponents is in a fraudulent count in the country districts. Call to your assistance to-day vigilant and courageous friends, and see that every vote cast is honestly counted. Telegraph me at once your estimate, and let me hear from you from time to time until actual figures are known. DANIEL MANNING.

Mr. Manning was the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, but he was not at the Executive Mansion, and his name was used without consultation with him. In fact, he knew nothing of the telegram until replies began to come in. Later telegrams to citizens of the highest standing urged them to go to the Clerk's office in their respective counties, to remain there until returns were filed, and then to obtain certified copies of such returns and to send these copies by special messenger to Albany. Gradually semi-official returns were collected at the Executive Chamber in Albany, and Mr. Cleveland's assured majority in the State was more accurately known there than anywhere else. The exact majority determined finally by the State Canvassing Board in the following December was 1,047.

When our Executive Chamber tabulation of detailed returns was finished, and Mr. Cleveland was satisfied that the totals told the truth, he sent this telegram, November 6th, to a friend:

> I believe I have been elected President, and nothing but grossest fraud can keep me out of it, and that we will not permit.

But it was not until later in the week when the Manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Albany delivered into Mr. Cleveland's own hands a message received

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over a special wire that the situation was relieved of doubt. That message was in these words:

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND,—I heartily congratulate you on your election. All concede that your administration as Governor has been wise and conservative, and in the larger field as President I feel that you will do still better, and that the vast business interests of the country will be entirely safe in your hands. JAY GOULD.

Coming from the most conspicuous of his opponent's supporters—from one who was the head and center of the group of interests which had continued to claim that opponent's election, it satisfied Mr. Cleveland that the contest was over and the victory won.

How the call of the telegram of Election night was obeyed, and how implicitly the canvass of the vote deserves to be trusted, is told in pages following by Mr. Stetson, who largely organized and directed the special protective measures which were continued until the declaration of the vote of New York State. It was the prompt, intelligent, and devoted efforts of the group of men of which he was one that preserved inviolate and unsullied for the Democracy of the Union a victory in what may well be considered the most important election of recent years. Defeat in 1884 assuredly would have seriously weakened the vitality of historic Democracy as a party in the United States. Success in 1884 established that party anew, and as a sequence brought into effective relationship a body of younger men of high political ideals whose maturer association had no small influence in the Democratic success of 1912.

This preliminary part of the history of the Presidential count of 1884 in New York State, I believe, cannot be concluded better than with the words concerning the Stanwood letter spoken to me late in October, 1912, at Princeton, by Mrs. Cleveland: "You and I know," she said, "the Presidency would have possessed no interest for Mr. Cleveland had he felt there was the remotest taint upon his title."

WILLIAM GORHAM RICE.

II

The "group of men" referred to by Mr. Rice as watching the canvass in the City of New York was assembled under the authority of the following letter to me from the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Democratic Committee under date of Thursday, November 6th:

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DEAR SIR,—In view of the fact that the Democratic electoral ticket in the State of New York has been chosen by a narrow majority, which may possibly be disputed by the Republicans, and sought to be reversed, I have the honor to request that you will take steps to organize a committee of the bar to guard the rights of the people before the boards of canvassers throughout the State, and thus secure an honest count. I venture to urge prompt action and to appeal to the patriotism of the bar, which has never yet failed to assert and protect the liberties of the people.

If you consent to act, kindly meet me at my room, No. 71, Fifth Avenue Hotel, at 8 P.M. Yours very truly,

A. P. GORMAN,
C. Ex. C.

In response to an appeal on the basis of this letter fifty or more Democrats and Independents eminent at the bar of New York immediately offered their services, and during the next ten days devoted themselves to the supervision of the count throughout the State. Their energies did not relax until upon November 16th the New York *Tribune* conceded the election of Mr. Cleveland.

My own part was at the Hoffman House headquarters, where I was in charge, under the direction of William C. Whitney, having the continuous assistance and advice of Roscoe Conkling, and the occasional counsel of Carl Schurz and James C. Carter, all being in constant touch with the situation and informed as to all that was going on. They were all impressed, and so declared themselves, with the obvious fairness and frankness of the procedure and with the manifest determination of all that, whatever the consequences, this election should be decided according to the vote actually deposited in the boxes. That such was the result, and that Mr. Cleveland actually and honestly carried the State of New York by more than 1,000 plurality, I have not the slightest doubt, and I know that my opportunities for knowledge were better than those of Mr. Stanwood, and also better than those of Senator Hoar or of any of the anonymous cynical Senators quoted by him in his *Autobiography* (Vol. I, p. 408), as follows:

> I suppose it would hardly be denied now by persons acquainted with the details of the management of the Democratic Campaign, at any rate I have heard the fact admitted by several very distinguished Democratic members of the Senate of the United States, that the plurality of the vote of New York was really for Mr. Blaine, and that he was unjustly deprived of election by the fraud at Long Island City by which votes cast for the Butler Electoral Ticket were counted for Cleveland.

The pre-election campaign, of course, was under direction

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of the National Committee, comprising several Democratic Senators, but neither these Senators nor any one else had authentic information, except from or through me and my associates, as to the details of the post-election canvass, and I deny absolutely and unreservedly that "the vote of New York was really for Mr. Blaine" and that he was unjustly deprived of election by fraud either "at Long Island City," the one locality specified by Senator Hoar, or "in many precincts in New York City," as charged by Mr. Stanwood, who candidly admits that at the time "Democrats warmly denied it."

Twenty years after by Senator Hoar and thirty years after by Mr. Stanwood is rather late for the reproduction of these unfounded charges, and it may be fortunate that there are yet remaining some who are able to demonstrate that they are unfounded. To this demonstration I shall now address myself.

For the purposes of convenient consideration the single specification of Senator Hoar and the several insinuations of Mr. Stanwood may be combined and classified as follows:

(1) That the counting was in the hands of Mr. Blaine's opponents.

(2) That Butler votes were counted for Cleveland (*a*) in many precincts of New York City, (*b*) in Long Island City.

(3) That an unscrupulous boss of a town near New York was convicted a few years later of falsifying election returns.

These are the three and the only three points on which either Mr. Stanwood or Senator Hoar rests his charge.

1. As to Mr. Stanwood's first point that "the counting was in the hands of Mr. Blaine's opponents":

This certainly was not so as to the country districts, nor was it so as to the New York City districts.

In every New York City district there were four election inspectors, of whom two were Republicans and two were Democrats. But of these Democrats most, if not all, were nominated by the Tammany organization, which had been bitterly opposed to the nomination of Cleveland and was referred to in General Bragg's famous declaration, "But most of all, we love him for the enemies that he has made." The Chief of the Bureau of Elections was John J. O'Brien, a partisan Republican. The Police Board was bi-partisan, under the control of a Tammany-Republican combination

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which at that very time was in full operation ousting Joel W. Mason, a conservative Republican, so as to put in John McClave, more satisfactory to both machines. To any one acquainted with the local political situation in New York in the autumn of 1884 the suggestion that the election machinery was in the hands of "Mr. Blaine's opponents" (a phrase which is meaningless unless intended to mean Mr. Cleveland's friends) is utterly absurd.

The Cleveland managers were in great anxiety as to the purposes and the conduct of this Tammany-Republican combination, and its control of the election machinery in New York City, and, as presently will be seen, they took efficient measures to ascertain and to guarantee the accuracy of the official canvass, notwithstanding the anti-Cleveland control.

The country conditions were even more perilous to Mr. Cleveland; that is, upon the theory of Mr. Stanwood in his letter, that the counting was in the hands of the friends of Mr. Cleveland.

Of the sixty New York counties, forty-six were for Mr. Blaine, giving him 68,423 plurality over Mr. Cleveland. Besides New York, Kings, and Westchester, Mr. Cleveland carried eleven counties. In these eleven Cleveland rural counties were 397 election districts as against 1,766 districts in the forty-six rural counties for Mr. Blaine, who would have been elected by a change averaging less than one vote in each Blaine district. Naturally, in view of the memories of 1876, much alarm was felt by the Cleveland friends at Albany who sent out the call in Mr. Manning's name, "The only hope of our opponents is in a fraudulent count in the country districts," and at our New York headquarters, where we collected as splendid a body of young lawyers as ever assembled and sent them out two by two to watch the canvass in every doubtful county.

Similar precautions were taken by the Republicans, as printed in the *Tribune* of Monday, November 10th:

> The Committee have made preparations to have the canvass closely watched in every county of the State. Careful inquiry will be made into the matter of votes cast for Butler or St. John electors being counted for Cleveland.

Never was a canvass watched more closely on both sides, nor one conducted more fairly than that of 1884 in all the counties of New York. This was recognized at the time by

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both the State and the National Republican Committees. In the *Tribune* of November 8th the State Committee declared that it did not make any wholesale charges of fraud, but stated simply that "the canvass will be watched with care," and on the 9th the National Committee announced that

> The Republicans are taking the most careful and thorough measures to ascertain errors, if any have been made, and frauds, if any have been committed, in the returns of the late election in the State of New York.

This supervision and these measures by both Republican Committees, fully awake and forewarned, never eventuated in any charge whatever. This certainly would not have been the case had there been even plausible grounds upon which to challenge the perfect accuracy of the official canvass. It was a lack of votes, not a theft of votes, that lost the State to Blaine. As Secretary W. E. Chandler said to me at the close of Cleveland's Inauguration Parade, "That's all very fine, but I wish that we had had one thousand more votes in New York."

Out of a like disappointment Mr. Blaine's kinsman, partisan, and biographer has permitted to emerge a cruel imputation upon the fairness of this election in the State of New York, unworthy of his own high character, and refuted upon even slight examination of the events and the contemporaneous records of 1884.

2. The charge that the Butler votes were counted for Cleveland (*a*) in many precincts of New York City and (*b*) in Long Island City:

(*a*) As to the New York City canvass as charged by Mr. Stanwood, the first suggestion of this kind was brought to me on Thursday, November 6th, by my old-time friend Talcott Williams, then connected with the *Press* of Philadelphia, from which city he had come over to New York, sincerely believing that such a transposition of Butler votes had been made to Cleveland to the detriment of Blaine, whom the *Press* was supporting with ardor. I told him that there was no reason to believe that there had been any such transposition, but that I would start an investigation, which I proceeded to do through a distinguished committee selected by me. The result of my action is reported in the *Tribune* of Saturday, November 8th:

> Yesterday a self-appointed committee of Cleveland men, consisting of Aaron J. Vanderpoel, General F. C. Barlow, Albert Stickney, and Charles

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P. Miller, insisted upon the opening of the election returns filed with the Bureau of Elections. Judge Barrett ordered the returns opened, under Sec. 1878 of the Election Law of 1882, ch. 410.

The envelopes were opened by the Republican Chief of Bureau, John J. O'Brien, in presence of the Republican Committee, John E. Brodsky, William H. Townley, and Colonel George Bliss. No one cognizant of New York personalities will suppose that any Republican points were overlooked by this committee. The disclosures were as stated in the *Tribune* of Sunday, November 9th:

Police returns were compared by Albert Stickney for Democrats and John E. Brodsky for Republicans, and showed Cleveland plurality 42,801 (the final figures were 43,064), or 425 less than last computation from police copies. President S. B. French and D. C. Wheeler (each a Republican Commissioner of Police) thought this difference might prove important, and went uptown to give information to Republican National Committee.

Thereupon the matter was referred to the official canvass to begin on Wednesday, November 12th. How little doubt was felt as to the sufficient supervision of the canvasses was indicated by the following editorial in the *Tribune* of November 10th:

The whole canvass must be conducted with the utmost openness and under the most rigid legal scrutiny, with resort to the proper courts whenever necessary. Then if the fair count gives Governor Cleveland a plurality of only a single vote, he will be inaugurated.

The actual conduct of the canvass under competent Republican counsel is shown by the following extracts from the *Tribune,* November 13th:

Actual canvass of the city vote began yesterday. Colonel George Bliss, Robert Sewell, Clarence A. Seward, and John E. Brodsky closely watched the return for the Republicans. Precautions have been taken to prevent any tampering with the returns or corrupting inspectors of election. Inspector Byrnes was present all day. He had a force of men in plain clothes. No suspicious actions were reported.

The particular point of transposition of Butler votes was brought up in the canvass on November 15th. And the following allusion, while remote and indirect, seems to be the only reference in the count proceedings to the alleged transposition. It was reported, in the *Tribune* of the 16th:

When the defective return of the Sixth Election District of the Seventh Assembly District was taken up, it was found that the inspectors instead of setting down the number of the *ballots* (395) cast for Presidential Electors had multiplied that (395) by 36, thus counting the *votes* for each

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elector on the several tickets as *ballots*. By this method it was made to appear that there were

7,668 votes for Blaine
6,300 " " Cleveland
180 " " Butler
72 " " St. John

36)14,220(395

Thus, it may be reiterated, there was attributed to a district in which there were only 395 votes, the amazing and erroneous total of 14,220 votes!

This would have elected Blaine by a large majority. The following colloquy ensued:

John N. Lewis: That's what the Republicans have been claiming the election of Blaine on! *(Laughter.)*

Mr. Duffy (to Colonel Bliss): You get a little the best of us there.

Colonel Bliss: Yes, I insist upon it, that the Inspectors cannot alter the returns.

Thus the fiction was exploded with a loud guffaw from both sides; and it received no further consideration from either side during the progress of the canvass.

Upon November 16th the *Tribune* observed, editorially:

In this city an exaggerated idea of the number of defective ballots improperly rejected seems to have been adopted because of the occasional report of "thirty-six defective" when the inspectors really meant "one defective with thirty-six names on it." Elsewhere many still think Butler votes were counted for Cleveland, but, with the ballots destroyed, the canvass did not establish it.

Upon this record must disappear Mr. Stanwood's insinuations as to the New York City canvass of Butler votes as though for Cleveland.

(*b*) As to the Long Island City frauds imagined by Senator Hoar.

No evidence whatever is offered to support this particular charge, and there is no reason to suppose that the conditions in Long Island City are more open to suspicion than those in New York already indicated. But in any aspect the total vote was so small as to be negligible. Cleveland received 2,092; Blaine, 1,265; Butler, 99, and St. John, 27. Butler's vote here approximated five per cent. of Cleveland's vote, while in the State at large (excluding New York City) Butler's vote was less than four per cent. of Cleveland's vote. If we reject all of Cleveland's plurality of 727 over Blaine, Cleveland still would have been elected, though by a narrow

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plurality. The canvass of the Long Island City vote was watched closely in behalf of the Republicans by the late Jesse Johnson, one of the most alert and capable of lawyers and most zealous of Republicans at the Brooklyn Bar, whose vigilant observation no wrong-doing could have escaped.

This sole specification of Senator Hoar, therefore, is of no consequence, and his suspicions generated by baseless and treacherous rumors are unworthy of his reputation for serious work, where partisan considerations were not controlling an otherwise interesting and able intellect.

3. The crowning absurdity is reached in Mr. Stanwood's conclusion that the conviction some years later of Boss McKane, for election frauds at Gravesend, affords ground for belief that previously similar frauds there in 1884 had carried the State for Cleveland.

Here, also, the vote was too small to affect the result. Cleveland received 667; Blaine, 295; and Butler, 1. Here again, if Cleveland's plurality (372) were disregarded, the final result would not be changed. The vote was canvassed under the vigilant attention of United States Attorney Tenney representing the Republicans.

The willingness of Boss McKane to commit any election fraud for Democrats may be recognized as fully as the fact of universal frauds by all parties in Adams County, Ohio, or as charged by Colonel Roosevelt upon the regular Republican organization in 1912, but we have high Republican authority for declaring that all such remote frauds are *aliunde*.

The whole case may be summed up by considering that in the very nature of things the wonder is that New York gave Cleveland a plurality so small rather than a large majority. New York naturally was a Democratic State. From 1867 to 1892, inclusive, a period of twenty-five years, the State went Republican only six times. In 1882 it had gone for Cleveland by 192,000, and in 1883 generally by about 16,000 Democratic. Therefore, it was strange that in New York City Cleveland's plurality of 43,064 in 1884 exceeded by less than 2,000 that of Hancock in 1880. The surprise was the size of the vote given not for Cleveland, but for Blaine. As was observed editorially in the *Tribune* of November 14th, "Right in this city, the very center of the Independent strength, Mr. Blaine received a vote several thousand larger than was ever before given to any Republican." This ex-

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ceptional tribute to Mr. Blaine in New York City and New York State should have attracted the appreciation of Senator Hoar and Mr. Stanwood, and they should have been too manly to base their regrets that their candidate failed of election upon the suggestion not that votes intended for him were diverted, but that Butler votes against Blaine might not have been counted for Butler, there being concededly no evidence to support this suggestion. The New York result in 1884 was legally and accurately ascertained under the most careful scrutiny, and the method and result of the ascertainment reflected credit upon the State. The proper attitude with respect thereto was that of Mr. Blaine's constant supporter, the *Tribune,* and is not that of Mr. Stanwood or Senator Hoar.

In closing it may be interesting to observe how little of the actual conduct and condition of the election or of the canvass was known to the candidates themselves.

Upon November 13th I received from Colonel Lamont the following message:

> DEAR STETSON,—We don't get any news from New York, and you can well imagine that we are all very anxious for news. Would it be possible for you to give us a telegram as each Assembly District is completed? We get all sorts of rumors through the day, and have to wait for actual news until we see the New York papers the next morning. If you can telegraph me anything in a general way of your impression as soon as you receive this it would be greatly appreciated. No one telegraphs us, and it has seemed to me that since you are on the ground no one can give us the news so quickly. Sincerely yours,
>
> DANIEL S. LAMONT.
>
> ALBANY, *Nov. 13, 1884.*

Upon November 16th, the Augusta correspondent of the Boston *Journal* disclosed a similar isolation on the part of Mr. Blaine:

> I asked Mr. Blaine what he thought of the result of the count in New York, and he replied that he had no more means of knowing than an unborn child.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that New York's vote was not stolen in 1884; that none of the principals had reason to suppose that it was stolen; that at the time no responsible person or paper adhered to the charge that it was stolen; and that these facts are attested by evidence still in existence and readily accessible.

FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON.

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BEAUTY AND STILLNESS

(In the ruined Greek Theater, Taormina, Sicily)

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

How still it is! Between me and the sea,
  Between me and far Etna's snowy slope,
The midges in the sunlight idly move,
  As if they had of life but drowsy hope.
No cock crows, not a bird or wind is singing
  About this eaglet town whose eyrie hangs
Upon a high cliff; not a bell is ringing
    From church or convent tower
    The sleepy hour;
And not a voice of afternoon comes bringing
  Amid these ruins joy, or griefs that lower.

Thro' the rent walls and arches where I lie
  With silent broken columns basking round,
Is framed as radiant a scene as eye
  May hope to dwell on; yet my heart unbound
Is not enthralled—but to the voiceless vision
  Of villa, castle, sky, and sea, is cold.
And tho' their beauties blend, with calm Elysian,
    Since the bright sunlight's fall
    Is over all,
My thoughts blend not, but sway with indecision,
  That seems all aspiration to appal.

And what is it that so can trouble us
  'Mid scenes so fair and peaceful! Is it, here,
Time's still destruction striking to the soul
  The certainty that death is ever near?
Once there were plaudits where this silence passes,
  Once there was glory where these ruins reign,

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Once Greece and Rome sat thralled where now the grasses
Alone are audience
Of the intense
Lone tragedy that year on year amasses:
O is the past's dark prescience so immense?

Or is it that too-beautiful sometimes
Will make us sad as too-imperfect can?
That the Ideal in full bodiment
But leaves more bleak the wonted life of man?
To Etna, poet of the azure heaven,
King of myth-makers, does this scene belong;
But unto us of lowly mortal leaven,
To us who scarce can hope
For greater scope
On earth than is comprised in seven times seven,
Must not a grandeur less immortal ope?

Ay, and more intimately kin to us!
So from snow-summit and the sapphire sea,
From plain and promontory do I turn,
And distances that dream majestically,
To yon bare ledge of rock, where cactus-pendants
In homely and grotesque confusion cling,
As to our niches we, who know transcendence
Of this our little life
With want so rife,
But makes us oft dissatisfied attendants
Upon dull Toil—that soon becomes loathed Strife.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

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DEATH AND LA MORT

BY RICHARD FISGUILL

So closely associated with our conceptions of right and wrong that they become moral corollaries, are our ideas of the proper and the improper. It is not easy to distinguish between the right and the proper, between the wrong and the improper. Students of civilization are apt to be reduced to the position that there is one right thing only and one wrong thing only—life and death—and that all else is merely proper or improper.

Humanity's conception of the proper and improper may become vivid to a degree. Men have not hesitated to penalize with death—the one great wrong—what at some particular time or locality they esteemed as being an improper relation. Human beings have been removed from the world for not removing their hats in the presence of one of their fellows. Yet no state has ever been able to draft sufficient laws to cover all the diversified infringement of proper relations. After the state has tired itself out with the enactment of law aimed at the differentiation of the proper and the improper, there still remains a myriad of thou-shalt-not's, unwritten, to be true, but equally as binding as written law, and to which each community of the state, every family even, may add at will.

Now if the written laws of nations be disparate and the conflict of written law be interminable, what can be said of the *unwritten* code which changes, not with climate and epochs only, with peoples and nations, with communities and families, but even with individuals themselves according to their age and sex?

With this vast domain literary expression has to deal. The law is but a continuation of the statute. Here are to be found the sources of all human expression: the difference between right and wrong being the difference between a man

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and a beast. Literature is the expression of unwritten law, as in every other pictorial form of thought—a stone hand carved in fear of the evil eye, an oil conception of beauty dedicated to love, a rhapsody contrived for delight.

Hopes and fears, likes and dislikes, loves and hatreds, ease and pain: human expression cannot get past an inevitable duality—the life side of the medal, with its converse of death. In getting that far man raised himself above the beast. Animals do not know that one day they must die.

The predominance of life, or the predominance of death, forms a natural basis of classification which sweeps through expression. Life is hopes and likes and loves and ease. Death is fears and dislikes and hatreds and pain. With the predominance of life in expression—that is, with a predominance of hopes, likes, loves, ease—you have what might be called *idealism.* With the predominance of death in expression—that is, with a predominance of fears, dislikes, hatreds, pain—you have what must be called *realism,* death being the only sure and real thing.

In *absolute* idealism the proper would overcome all obstacles and invariably obtain. Nor would there be generated in the juryman's mind any sympathy for the improper, which would be set up only to be bowled over at an opportune time, and which in so far as the juryman's mind was concerned would not suffer pain any more than inanimate matter. In absolute idealism you would eradicate the improper in some such way as you weed your lettuce. Who should pine at a weed, pulled up and withering in the sun of righteousness!

In absolute *realism,* on the other hand, death would constantly prevail. The proper would be set up only to be bowled over in the nick of time, and this proper, or good, would appear so stupid that you would feel like prodding it into evil-doing. Meanwhile the suffering of the damned would be so sympathetically set forth, so heroically portrayed, that into your adjudging mind would creep the thought that after all it were perhaps nobler to be a weed, blighted by destiny, than a succulent, stupid, righteous lettuce.

Absolute idealism and absolute realism do not exist. Expression, however, may be graded according to the percentage of idealism or realism contained. The determination of this percentage amounts to a problem.

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But why should death ever be sympathetically treated—death, the great impropriety from which all other improprieties spring?

The answer is easy to find. Death constitutes a danger line for human beings. In realistic expression you play with fire and experience that peculiarly human thrill attendant upon all dangerous exercise—peculiarly human, for the beasts do not know that one day they must die.

Reason cannot be called upon to explain why the children of men should be fond of playing with fire: they are, is all we know. We like to escape; and in order successfully to escape, we must have something to escape from. We must have the fire. What fire, and how much, depends upon race and surroundings, in surroundings there being comprised both time and locality.

Fielding's dose of fire cannot be prescribed to-day for English consciousness. In the world's consciousness no nation perhaps has dared to trace so desperate a danger line as that which Burton makes plain from the Arabic. Interlacing kinds, it might be claimed that probably no picaresque expression portrays a rogue so peculiarly attractive as Mr. Hornung's infamous, sweet Raffles.

With his men on one side of the house and his women on the other—the basic condition of strictly English society—Fielding's most convenient fire was strong drink. In all things really English the standard danger line, the form of death you may most jubilantly frolic with, has until quite recently been strong drink. English consciousness has frequently worshiped a noble, magnanimous, self-sacrificing dog of a drunkard.

In Arabia, with its traditional abhorrence of strong drink, the drunkards of Fielding and Dickens, instead of arousing a thrill, would have excited nausea. And in those consciousnesses where chivalry developed an entire philosophy of chastity out of the conception of a woman-born God, the love-scented voluptuousness of Arabia had to smell like a rotten rose. Love scents, however, and camel-lipped metaphors were fire for Arabia. And the soda-fountain prevailing, but women always on the other side of the house, Mr. Hornung to arouse a thrill induces us to wonder, as we deposit our checks at the bank, if it might not be a jolly good sport, after all, to creep back at night and blow up the vault.

Drunkenness, sensuality, theft: three forms of fire, three

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phases of impropriety, three degrees of death. These are phenomena of consciousness caught up at random on the surface of human expression, after they have been evolved by the currents and cross-currents of language.

Language is thought ready for shipment. Language is either words, or notes, or lines, or color. Language is the only tangible form of the human soul. Beasts cannot tell their young about death.

The language of a people is that people's soul: it is that which is left of the dead. Language is the only tangible form of the immortal past, into the molds of which, however acting or interacting, an inevitable future must be poured. With language men escape. Animals have died.

Perhaps no two of the European peoples have more signally escaped than Englishmen and Frenchmen. Yet no two of the European peoples have evolved such different methods of escape. The English soul and the French soul are barely comparable. The difference seems to be the difference between death and *la mort.*

French exhibits from the start a certain transparency which is not found in the English language. This transparency is characteristic of French, as much so as the sound of the French *u.*

Through French you see thoughts as pebbles in clear water.

From this transparency there results in French a condition which is not easy to interpret for English consciousness: it may be called *unsuggestiveness.* The pebble you perceive in French is too clearly outlined to suggest a frog.

The French language does not suggest; it pictures, or remains a blank. What it cannot picture, it does not express; what it cannot say, it does not imply. And from this there inevitably results another condition which is yet further removed from English consciousness; and that is, the *sayableness* of French thought. French consciousness deals with sayable things—things sayable in French, but which in a consciousness like that of English may stir up such a whirlwind of suggestion as to render the thought not only unsayable but unthinkable as well. In English consciousness a judicious selection of thought must be made before proceeding to expression.

Comparing Scott and Balzac, we may consider a moment the question of thought selection, which after language itself is possibly the most important phase of consciousness.

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In the light of thought selection the relation between Scott and Balzac becomes close indeed. Balzac tells us that Scott was his model. Scott's works suggested the *Comédie humaine*. What student of expression would ever have guessed that such was the case!

From beginning to end Scott's work is uniform; it is in one plane. Scott's thoughts have been judiciously selected; his mental way has been carefully surveyed: the view is inspiring. Balzac generously credits Scott with having thought more thoughts than Scott expressed. In the Frenchman's opinion Scott lacked a medium of expression; and he, Balzac, jubilantly sets forth to express all those things which Scott had thought, but which for lack of a medium Scott had been unable to record.

Balzac's generous thesis cannot be sustained. Psychology establishes an intimate dependence of ideas upon words, of thoughts upon language. A careful psychologist would be apt to alter Balzac's thesis, and say that Scott instead of lacking a medium of expression for further thoughts lacked rather the thoughts themselves, owing to the absence of a medium of expression.

Scott thought along the easy way prescribed by English consciousness and surveyed by English consciousness. Certainly Scott obeyed the laws of his consciousness, ever at work, and suppressed much. But the suppressions attributed to him by Balzac were in a very large measure suppressions of which Scott was no longer conscious—that is, intuitive suppressions, the battles about which Scott's forefathers possibly may have fought out, but which Scott himself surely had forgotten. With all his fantasy Scott never visited the heights and depths of Balzac's unsurveyed domain.

Balzac was not obliged to look for an easy way. Any and every thing was grist for his mill: no compunction, no suggestion, no awe. Balzac is possible in a consciousness which endures the French Revolution. Balzac's blood is a fluid circulating in veins and arteries, a red fluid, nothing more. In English blood suggests gore: the pebble may be a frog.

Scott possibly would have experienced the same difficulty in shaping *La Cousine Bette* as English commoners might have experienced in directing the French Revolution, or as Ruskin did experience in rating *Mona Lisa*—the difficulty, namely, arising from English awe.

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Balzac saw more forms of life than Scott; he saw, too, more forms of impropriety—of death. Instead of disposing of death forms, as did Shakespeare, with a rumble of righteous thunder, Balzac lays death forms nakedly down and holds an autopsy. Balzac is quite as proud of having discovered an ulcer in the vitals of virtue as he is of having found a virtue in the entrails of vice. Both weeds and lettuce are plants for Balzac: life and death are equally legitimate. Continually he finds death in life and life in death. He accepts death as an imposed condition. Balzac does not stand in awe.

The word *awe* has been chosen to express the antithesis of unsuggestiveness. The same difficulty would be experienced in carrying over into French consciousness the meaning of English awe as is encountered in bringing over into English consciousness the condition of unsuggestiveness.

Much, if not the greater part, of Shakespeare is awe. Translated into naked French and thus deprived of awe, Shakespeare loses and bears off toward the unenviable position of an author of blood and thunder episodes, such as Paul Bourget uses to undermine the character of his *Disciple*. From the point of view of French consciousness little difficulty is experienced in appreciating Bourget's attitude toward Shakespeare, and none whatever that of Voltaire, who has been held accountable for the French depreciation of the foremost English author. Voltaire could not have been himself and endured Shakespeare.

Shakespeare and Voltaire may be compared. It is not harder to compare Shakespeare and Voltaire than it is to compare English consciousness and French consciousness, though it is quite as hard.

Awful Shakespeare, gloomy even in his mirth, means for English expression what naked Voltaire, gay even in his gloom, means for French expression. One may signify a yard, the other a bushel; but they represent the standards of measurement for their respective national expressions.

Shakespeare edges away from life off toward death. Voltaire edges away from death off toward life. Shakespeare, accepting life as a questionable blessing, is fascinated by the awfulness of death, which even in his happiest moments he cannot help dreading. Voltaire, accepting death as an unquestioned curse, is fascinated by the beauties of life, which he covets down to the end.

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These statements are not to be taken in the popularly religious sense. Shakespeare was not a churchman; Voltaire was not an atheist. Hid somewhere in consciousness there is an influence which is more powerfully determining than religion. This influence, in determining our attitude toward death, inevitably ends by determining our religion. A national religion is but one phase of the national consciousness, and is as dependent upon that consciousness as a rule of syntax.

Shakespeare's attitude toward life and death is the attitude of English consciousness, whatever be the name of the religion involved.

Voltaire's attitude toward life and death is the attitude of French consciousness—the same attitude which in one form or another has made itself felt in French religious matters from the times of Avignon down to the present day. French consciousness may be Catholic, Protestant, or atheist; but it is ever Voltairian.

French consciousness and death are old acquaintances. French consciousness starts out with death recognized, and humanly attempts to make the best of a bad condition. French consciousness is Jewish rather than Christian, the Old Testament rather than the New. And Voltaire's influence upon his national expression has been so preponderant that Voltaire's influence upon France can be compared only to that of Jesus upon the world.

Up to Voltaire's appearance French consciousness seems slowly to have been forming a Voltaire. Since his appearance willingly or unwillingly French consciousness has always harked back to him, and especially in this sense: that human force consists not so much of a specific attribute as of a general sum of attributes.

Voltaire represents the antithesis of individualism. In any one of his individualistic phases he is inferior; but the sum of his individualistic phases is equal to a group of men. Voltaire is the chairman of his faculties, not the dictator. No one of his faculties reigns supreme after subjugating the others.

Voltaire is a republic in himself—a thing which both Buonaparte and Hugo tried hard to be, but which military specific on the one hand and lyric specific on the other kept them from attaining. Republicanism is realism. A republic is the political form of realism—a condition of equal

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rights, whatever the leveling results may be. A specific naturally cannot endure such a state. From his very nature a specific must be as hostile to realism as realism is hostile to a specific. A specific can but be monarchical in his trend. Louis XIV., Buonaparte, Hugo—possibly the three most marked French specifics—are quite as un-French, though in a different sense, as Hardy and Shaw are un-English.

The low notes of thunder, so dear to the souls of specifics, are distasteful to French consciousness. Shakespeare made Voltaire grin: Shakespeare rumbled, Shakespeare ranted, Shakespeare was vague.

Voltaire preached simplicity: nothing could be sublime that was not simple; nothing existed that was not clear; nothing might be charming that was not naïf. Toward the end of his life Voltaire decided that the Old Testament was the book best worth reading, because the Old Testament was the most naïf of books.

Voltaire's continual harping on naïveté is the final expression of what French consciousness had from the beginning tried to say, and which French consciousness is ever trying to attain.

Naïveté in consciousness is the direct product of unsuggestiveness, just as unsuggestiveness is the direct product of linguistic transparency. From linguistic transparency, which prevents all doubt as to what the pebble really is, we arrive at the unsuggestive conception of a pebble, and thereafter face the consequences of naïveté, by asserting that 'tis a pebble, not a frog.

As judged by French consciousness, Lafontaine's naïveté raises him to the rank of a poetic genius. In the light of English consciousness Lafontaine falls to the level of a mere rhymer. Rousseau's naïveté is what Jules Lemaître, imbued with monarchical views of government, calls insanity. And naïveté is a highly dangerous form of intelligence for one-man power. Naïveté grins at pomp. Naïveté is Rousseau's little white house with green blinds, his orchard and cows, his lunch on the grass where each guest should wait on himself or go hungry. Naïveté is insouciance. Naïveté is naked unsuggestiveness, such as all men enjoyed before they knew of sin—terrestrial paradise, in fine, not the heavenly abode. And Adam's terrestrial paradise was a republic of equal unities, the abode of realism.

Naïveté is a pagan virtue which was carried over into

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Christianity: "Suffer little children to come unto me." And pagan naïveté is that principle of Christianity which has taken the strongest hold upon French consciousness.

Anatole France might well have been an Athenian. And Anatole France, like Voltaire, is a man whom French consciousness only could have produced in modern times. From *Silvestre Bonnard* to *Les dieux ont soif* Anatole France, like Voltaire, is forever forging a disconcerting naïveté. Paul Verlaine is a member of the same family. Naked, shivering, aware of nothing more mysterious than a seagull's quivering wing, Paul Verlaine wallows there on the edge of death, his *grand sommeil noir,* and grips your hand, your heart, as only a pagan could. What are Tennyson's afternoon idle tears compared to the choked blubberings of poor old bald-headed, bald-brained, bald-hearted Paul Verlaine? Well-nigh absolute idealism, compared to well-nigh absolute realism; winnowed sentimentality, as opposed to raw naïveté.

The naïveté of French consciousness is paganly raw.

Cervantes frequently has been called naïf. But the naïveté of Cervantes is that of a reasoning old man and a mystic, not the naïveté of youth's rank fears and death-haunted paganism. Paganism fits humanity's youth. In transforming objective incongruity into harmony for his own subjectiveness, Don Quixote trod Santa Teresa's road, the way of mysticism, where thorn wreaths turn to garlands, and the peasant-girl Aldonza to high-born Dulcinea. Tartarin de Tarascon is humanly, youthfully, paganly naïf. Don Quixote is a Christian scholar, tediously returning to simple things after much reading and deep meditation.

This spirit of renouncement, of going back to primitive things after having experienced the hollowness of showiness—of going back to primitive things and decking these same primitive things out in all the showiness of those things you have found to be hollow, mysticism in a word, an Oriental accident of Christianity—can be called Spain's quota to Occidental consciousness, and is perhaps the bond of union which unites such disparate elements as Lope de Vega, Calderón, Espronceda, Pereda, Galdós.

But the French spirit has never renounced, for the very excellent reason of its never having quit youthful naïveté for more pretentious fields. Even the influence of Provence, which might well have made of France another Italy, went

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down before the Voltairian grin. In French expression Voltaire's grin crops out all the way from *Aucassin et Nicolète* to *La tentation de Saint Antoine*. This is not Dante's naïveté.

Dante never grinned: he was young enough, child enough, but he could not. Dante was a learned child who took his playthings to heaven—and with him he seems to have carried also his nation's consciousness. D'Annunzio tries to spiritualize his profane toys after the manner of Dante and Petrarch; Leopardi spiritualizes pessimism, De Amicis an urchin. All this appears more innocent and youthful than the tired Spanish consciousness, which instead of taking its playthings to heaven brings heaven down to its playthings. And both the Spanish and the Italian attitude seem more youthful and innocent than that of English consciousness, which in the person of Milton goes off to heaven by itself, clad in a good English soul only and shrouded with Shakespearean awe. But all three of these conditions come to be sophisticated when compared to that of French consciousness, which from Christianity assimilates not mysticism, nor spirituality, nor awe, but the incorporated pagan virtue of death-recognized naïveté.

The consciousness of a people takes from religion, from Christianity, or from any other form of philosophy, that which best it can assimilate. The religion of a people is the attitude of that people toward death.

The dead in French consciousness are very dead. "*Les morts sont bien morts.*" Marcelle Tynaire makes this the motif of her strongest work. But throughout French expression from *La vie de Saint Alexis* to Maupassant's *Bel Ami* the dead are hopelessly and irretrievably dead. What better things in spite of all his pretty words did Châteaubriand see in death than Verlaine's *grand sommeil noir!* Hugo's dead live only when he stirs up the ashes of a hearth or of a heart. Alfred de Vigny asks us to die without prayer and without complaint. Lamartine, like Zola, is tired even of hope. And when Zola's tremendous but misunderstood heart drops dying children into the great black sleep of death they are unspeakably gone.

The French recognition of death and the hopelessness attendant thereupon shapes the French distinction between head and heart—a distinction so foreign to English consciousness as at times to necessitate the translation of *head*

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in French by *heart* in English, and vice versa. Balzac warns us that in things not arithmetical we must look to our hearts, not to our heads, for satisfaction. This is Voltaire's old message differently expressed—the Garden of Eden, not heaven. The head carves out immortality; the heart clings to earth. Heads have reasoned about immortality; hearts still bleed for the rotting dead. Here it is that French naïveté takes a turn which is logical enough for French consciousness, but bewildering indeed if not examined with French lenses: the fleshiness of the French heart is meant.

In French consciousness the heart is flesh, the head and soul a conception. The sister-soul form of love and the brother-soul form of friendship do not in French consciousness belong to the domain of the heart, as in English, but to the domain of the head—the head, which first creates for its own self a soul and thereafter injects another soul into the other head-loved head. Heads loving heads and souls loving souls are synonomous expressions. Neither heads nor souls form a part of the body, the body being the abode of the heart. The heart is flesh, the head and soul a conception. This attitude is impossible in English consciousness, where just as blood suggests gore, flesh suggests Satan. And flesh is a synonym of Satan. Flesh is the antithesis of the soul; flesh is the antithesis of immortality; flesh is the synonym of death. But death is synonymous with Satan—the prince of darkness, the great adversary which the pagans accepted from the start as being one against whom they might not prevail. Flesh rots; rots too the heart which reigns over flesh; and from this rotting realm French consciousness has wrested Eden by means of naïveté, nativity, naturalness, nature.

The possibilities of naïveté are as inexhaustible as the possibilities of nature. Naïveté is nature projected into human consciousness. And nature is the rock and beast realm which science has wrested from religion.

Science is as pagan as naïveté. Science is pagan naïveté ticketed and classified, and ultimately ending, as do all pagan conceptions, in unavoidable death. The sun must die, the earth must die, life must become extinct; and science stops with man. Science is absolute realism applied to learned expression. In science a flower is the organ of a plant. There is no idealism: the heart is flesh. Science does not attempt to restore heaven, but to develop the earth.

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Science's dream is Eden. Science is sure of but one single thing, and that is individualistic death.

Naïveté, then, turns out to be the literary exponent of science, the only refuge Voltaire could see for his people on the horizon of time, governed as they had to be by a transparent consciousness in which a pebble lay too clearly outlined to suggest a frog.

The terms of literary criticism are indiscriminately absorbed by expression. Literary criticism is unavailable for expression. Expression oscillates between life and death—from realism to idealism, and back again. Literature is the by-product, and the by-product merely, of an attempt at expression. Literary criticism is the by-product of a by-product. Literary criticism is removed, it is a distraction, it is optional. Expression is tied up with the life principle of consciousness. There may and frequently does exist a realistic expression of idealism, just as there may and frequently does exist an idealistic expression of realism.

Much of what Shakespeare portrays is realism, but Shakespeare's expression is idealistic. Shakespeare's expression is not artless, native, natural, naïf. Shakespeare's expression sweeps past men and leaves the world of men, as does Byron's, Milton's, Kipling's. Kipling's realism is quite as idealistically expressed as that of Shakespeare. And if we pause to note the preponderance in the popular mind of Kipling over Stevenson, we may easily discern that English consciousness yet insists as it always has done upon an idealistic, unnatural expression, whatever be the subject portrayed. English consciousness prefers Kipling's idealistic expression of the real to Stevenson's realistic expression of the ideal.

Stevenson's position in English consciousness inversely corresponds to that of Rostand's in French consciousness, and both positions are unfortunate. Stevenson attempts the realistic expression of idealism for English consciousness, Rostand attempts the idealistic expression of reality for French consciousness; and both men have to leave their native countries for full appreciation.

French consciousness yet insists, as it always has done, upon realistic, natural, naïf expression, whatever be the subject portrayed. And to-day French consciousness prefers Alfred de Musset's realistic expression of idealism to Rostand's idealistic expression of reality.

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If Stevenson and Rostand might have swapped countries their respective literatures perhaps would have been richer. Nor can students of expression doubt for a moment that Thackeray would have been greater as a Frenchman than as an Englishman. Oscar Wilde had to think in French. And Oscar Wilde is pagan Verlaine's pagan brother: they both wallowed on the edge of the *grand sommeil noir,* and they squirmed as the tide came up.

It has been advanced that the consciousness of a people is attracted to realism by the inherent tendency of human beings to play with fire—realism being synonymous with death, or some lesser form of impropriety. Further, it has been hinted that certain peoples in their consciousness exhibit tendencies to frolic with certain forms of impropriety. Drunkenness and theft were boldly ascribed to English consciousness as being the English preference, provided—eternally provided—that these forms of impropriety be set down in idealistic expression. Raffles has to be a gentleman and an excellent judge of tobacco.

Also an attempt has been made to show that French consciousness manifests not only the inherent tendency to dance with danger such as is common to human expression, but that French consciousness has a special tendency peculiar to itself, based upon the unsuggestive transparency of its linguistic medium and the resulting attitude toward death. Whatever be the French subject portrayed, French expression must be realistic or cease strictly to be French expression.

There remains one question to ask. What form of death, or impropriety, or reality, has French consciousness preferred—this Gallic consciousness, which expresses even idealism realistically?

The answer permits of no hesitation. French consciousness has, does, and evidently always will prefer the improprieties of the heart to other forms of death—the improprieties of the human, fleshy, rotting heart; the heart of a man with its fangs sunk into the heart of a woman, the heart of a woman with its fangs sunk into the heart of a man.

Steal, if you must; but steal a heart. Drink, if you would be drunk; but drink of love. All that is the Gallic heart-fang form of death. And *la mort* is graciously feminine.

Richard Fisguill.

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MADAME D'ARBLAY

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Frances Burney (Madame D'Arblay) wrote a diary or diary-like letters almost from the cradle to the grave. For reasons which will appear later we do not know so much about her intimate self as might be expected from such minuteness of record; but her external life, the places she dwelt in, the people she saw, the things she did, are brought before us with a full detail which is rare in the biography of women and even of men.

She was as little of a Bohemian in soul as any one who ever lived. Yet her career had something of the nomadic, kaleidoscopic character which we are apt to call Bohemian. She met all sorts of people and portrayed all sorts, from the top of society to the bottom. And through this infinite diversity of spiritual contact she carried an eager eye, an untiring pen, and a singularly amiable disposition.

Her father, Dr. Charles Burney, the musician and historian of music, had an excellent stock of what is nowadays called temperament. He was witty, gay, and charming. Everybody went to his house and he to everybody's. Thus Fanny in her youth (she was born in 1752) had the opportunity of seeing many of the distinguished men and women of eighteenth-century London: Johnson and Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Händel, Garrick, and Sheridan, Bruce the traveler, actors, singers, beaux, divines, ladies with blue stockings, and with stockings of other colors. It was a gay and variegated world for a quick-eyed girl to make merry in. She made merry in it, she studied it, and, as a certain literary gift was born in her, she profited.

Then, when she was twenty-five, she wrote and published anonymously an epistolary novel called *Evelina*. Even today, though its charm is of a peculiarly perishable order, the book may be read with pleasure and some laughter. But its freshness, its ease, and its rollicking spirits must have com-

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mended it highly to an age whose own speech and manners were reflected in it. Fanny had first the delicious pleasure of hearing genuine praise from those who had no idea of her authorship. And when the authorship was confessed—as who, under such circumstances, would have concealed it?—the praise became universal, more high-pitched still, and perhaps no less delicious. The book was read everywhere, commended everywhere. Fanny's father, whom she adored, was bewitched with it. No less so was that odd personage, Samuel Crisp, almost equally adored, who, like some others, having made a notable failure in literature himself, felt especially qualified to advise those who had succeeded.

In the houses where Fanny had before been a minor personage, a petted child, watching great doings and bewigged celebrities with wide-eyed curiosity from quiet corners, she now appeared as a celebrity herself, not bewigged, but with the wigs bowing down to her. Titles of honor begged for an introduction, and titles of learning. She was pointed out in the streets and in the theaters. Her characters were cited, her wit quoted, her sentiments applied by daily personages to daily life. London was all the English world then, and a book read by ten thousand people in London had a sort of personal success which no book could have anywhere to-day.

Best of all, Fanny was praised by those whose praise she knew to be really worth having. Sir Joshua said he would give fifty pounds to know the author of *Evelina*. Burke sat up all night to finish it. Sheridan and Murphy entreated her to write a comedy and Garrick agreed to take it before a word was put on paper. To a girl of twenty-five, up to that day merely one of the babes and sucklings, all this must have seemed like a golden dream.

But the best was Johnson. Fanny was brought into intimate contact with him in Mrs. Thrale's hospitable house at Streatham. Something of the Doctor's enthusiasm must doubtless be laid to the influence of grace, beauty, and feminine charm on that ogreish and susceptible heart. But, whatever the cause, he set no bounds to an outcry of admiration sufficient to turn the head of an older and sedater woman. Nothing like *Evelina,* he said, had appeared for years. And the literary praise was mingled with expressions of personal affection. "Afterwards, grasping my hand with the most affectionate warmth, he said: 'I wish you success! I wish you well! my dear little Burney!'"

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In such a highly flavored atmosphere did the girl live until the publication of her second novel, *Cecilia,* in 1782.

Then there came an extraordinary change. Mrs. Thrale married the Italian musician, Piozzi, and the Streatham circle was broken up. Miss Burney's greatest supporter, Johnson, died in 1784, and in the following year Fanny was transplanted, elevated or degraded, as you please, from the free, fascinating life of a popular author to be a personal attendant on the queen. Dr. Burney thought his daughter's future assured in the most promising fashion. She herself entered upon her new career with anxiety and regret and found nothing in it to contradict her unpleasant expectations. The queen and princesses were, indeed, kind to her; but their hangers-on were not, or not all of them. She had been born free, had grown up in freedom, had been accustomed to indulge her fancies, to have them indulged by others, limiting them only by love and the affectionate wish to comply with the fancies of those dear to her. Now she was cramped in every movement; what was far worse, in every thought. To do servant's work for a servant's stipend was hateful. To run at bell-call for an idle bidding was more hateful. But these were nothing compared to having no home, no time, no life, of one's own. To move by the clock, some one else's clock, to be thrown into any quarters that could be spared from the needs of those higher, to dress and undress at stated times in stated fashions, to listen to the dullness of the great and the impudence of the little, to be never, never Dr. Burney's daughter, but always the handmaid of the queen—what a change from the caresses of Johnson and the compliments of Burke! Even pastimes not unwelcome in themselves become so in such surroundings. What a wail does she utter over the daily infliction of piquet with the tyrannous Mrs. Schwellenberg: "O picquet—life hardly hangs on earth during its compulsion, in these months succeeding months, and years creeping, crawling after years."

And then another change, quite as violent as the preceding. Miss Burney's health fails under the strain, she leaves the court, is thrown among a group of French *émigrés,* meets General D'Arblay, marries him, and settles down in a quiet country cottage, with a bit of an income and a garden full of cabbages. No Burkes nor Johnsons here, no kings or queens or saucy gentlemen in waiting; just quiet. One would think she would miss it all, even what was hateful. Charles Lamb

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sighed to be rid of his India House slavery, and when he was rid of it, could not tell what to do with his freedom. So it is apt to be with all of us. But Madame D'Arblay apparently knew when she was well off. She adored her husband. She was absorbed in her son. She wrote another novel, *Camilla*, less readable than the others, but well paid for. She entertained with perfect simplicity any friend who could come to her. She had but one dread—lest some call of military or political duty in France might draw away her husband and break up her Paradise. "Ah, if peace would come without, what could equal my peace within!"

The call of duty did come. Her husband went and she followed him, into other scenes, still totally different from what had gone before. She saw the France of the first Napoleon and Napoleon himself. She saw the restoration of the Bourbons. She was hurried along in the mad bustle of the flight from Paris. She waited in Brussels through the suspense of Waterloo. With husband and son, and alone, she had adventures and perils by land and sea. Surely she had need of a good stock of peace within, for peace without seemed very far away.

But the last act passed quietly at home in England. She was not fêted or flattered any more, as she had been. Yet enough of old glory clung about her to bring her a large price for one more very indifferent novel, *The Wanderer*. Her husband died, her son died. Not much was left to her but memories, and these, when she was nearly eighty, she wove into a life of her father, which Macaulay condemned, but which has at least the merit of being sweet and sunshiny. To recall such a golden past, such a tangled web of fortune, at eighty, without a word of bitterness for the present, shows a heart worth loving, worth studying. Let us study Madame D'Arblay's.

She will not help us so much as we could wish. "Poor Fanny's face tells what she thinks, whether she will or no," said Dr. Burney. Her face might. Her diary does not. To be sure, she herself asserts repeatedly that she writes nothing but the truth. "How truly does this Journal contain my real, undisguised thoughts; . . . its truth and simplicity are its sole recommendation." No doubt she believed so. No doubt she aimed to be absolutely veracious. No doubt she avoids false statements and perversion of fact. Her diary may be true, but it is not genuine. It is literary, artificial,

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in every line of it. She sees herself exactly as a man—or woman—sees himself in a mirror: the very nature of the observation involves unconscious and instinctive posing.

Macaulay, in his rhetorical fashion, draws a violent distinction between Madame D'Arblay's memoirs of her father and her diary. The diary, he says, is fresh and natural, the memoirs tricked up with all the artifice of a perfumer's shop. Neither is fresh and natural. The memoirs are overloaded with Johnsonian ornament; but the simpler style of the diary is not one bit more spontaneous or more genuine. It was impossible for the woman to look at herself in any but a literary point of view.

Take, for instance, the address to *Nobody,* with which the diary opens. It sets the note at once. There is not the slightest suggestion of a sincere, direct effort to record the experiences of a soul; merely an airy, literary coquetting with somebody, everybody, under the Nobody mask.

A single breath of fresh air is enough to blast the artificiality of the whole thing. Turn from a page of the diary to any letter of Mrs. Piozzi—some of them are given in the diary itself. A coarse woman, a passionate woman, a jealous woman—but, oh, so genuine in every word. Her loud veracity sweeps through Fanny's dainty nothings like a salt-sea breeze. And do not misunderstand the distinction. Fanny could not have told a lie to save her life. Mrs. Piozzi probably tossed them about like cherries or bonbons. But Mrs. Piozzi, laughing or lying, was always herself, without thinking about herself. Fanny was always thinking—unconsciously, if one may say so—of how she would appear to somebody else.

Thus I cannot agree with Mr. Dobson that her diary is to be classed with the great diaries. A page of Pepys is enough to put her out of the count. She may be more decorous, more varied, even more entertaining. As a portrayer of her own soul or of the souls of others, between her and Pepys there is no comparison.

So, I repeat, our diarist helps us less than she ought. Yet even she cannot write two thousand pages, nominally about herself, without telling something. The very fact of such literary self-consciousness is of deep human interest. It is to be noted, also, that she does not conceal herself from any instinct of reserve. She is willing to drop pose and tell all, if she could; but she cannot. Such thoughtless self-con-

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fession as Pepys's would have been impossible to her. I do not think that once, in all her volumes, does she show herself in an unfavorable light.

But we can detect what she does not show. We can read much, much that she did not mean us to read. And lights are thrown on her by others as well as by herself.

To begin with, how did she bear glory? For a girl of twenty-five to be thrown into such a blaze of it was something of an ordeal. She herself disclaims any excessive ambition. She could almost wish the triumph might "happen to some other person who had more ambition, whose hopes were sanguine, who could less have borne to be buried in the oblivion which I even sought." She records all the fine things that are said of her, the surmises of eager curiosity, the ardent outbursts of family affection, the really tumultuous enthusiasm of ripened critical judgment. But she is rather awed than inflated by it; at least, so she says. "I believe half the flattery I have had would have made me madly merry; but *all* only serves to depress me by the fullness of heart it occasions." "Steeped as she was in egotism," is the phrase used of her by Hayward, the biographer of Mrs. Piozzi. If she was so steeped, it certainly did not appear in outward obtrusiveness, pretense, or self-assertion. She repeatedly complains of her own shyness; and others, who knew her in very various surroundings, bear witness to it as strongly. "She was silent, backward, and timid, even to sheepishness," writes her father. "Dr. Burney and his daughter, the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, . . . I always thought rather avoided than solicited notice," says Wraxall. And Walpole, assuredly never inclined to minimize defects, speaks with an enthusiasm which is absolutely conclusive. Miss Burney "is half-and-half sense and modesty, which possess her so entirely, that not a cranny is left for pretense or affectation."

No. The author of *Evelina* may, must, have reveled in the praise which was showered upon her to the point of intoxication. But she kept her head, and few men or women ever lived who were less spoiled by flattery than she.

Indeed, her extreme shyness probably prevented her being brilliantly successful in general society. She herself disposes summarily of her qualifications in that regard. A hostess, she says, should provide for the intellectual as well as the material wants of her guests. "To take care of both,

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as every mistress of a table ought to do, requires practice as well as spirits, and ease as well as exertion. Of these four requisites I possess not one."

This is the sort of thing one prefers saying oneself to having others say it. There can be no doubt that Miss Burney had tact, grace, charm, and, above all, that faculty of taking command of and saving a difficult situation which is one of the most essential of social requisites. There is character in the pretty little anecdote of her childhood. She and her playmates had soaked and ruined a crusty neighbor's wig. He scolded. For a while Fanny—ten years old—listened with remorse and patience. Then she walked up to him and said: "What signifies talking so much about an accident? The wig is wet, to be sure; and the wig was a good wig, to be sure; but 'tis of no use to speak of it any more, because what's done can't be undone."

Still, she was doubtless at her best with one or two friends, where she felt at her ease. She loved society and conversation, but it was of the intimate, fireside order. How fine is her remark in this connection: "I determined, however, to avoid all tête-à-têtes with him whatsoever, as much as was in my power. How very few people are fit for them, nobody living in trios and quartettos can imagine!" She studied her interlocutors and adapted herself to them. "As I soon found by the looks and expressions of this young lady, that she was of a peculiar cast, I left all choice of subjects to herself, determined quietly to follow as she led." She had also that charming gift for intimate society, the power, or rather, the instinctive quality, of drawing confidences. Young and old, men and women, told her their hopes, their sorrows, their aspirations, and their difficulties. This, I think, does not commonly happen to persons steeped in egotism.

As it is delightful to turn from one trait in a character to another that seems quite incompatible with it, we must not assume that, because Miss Burney was shy and retiring, therefore she wanted spirits and gaiety. On the contrary, she assures us, and the diary and her other writings and her friends confirm it, that in good company she could carry laughter and hilarity to the pitch of riot. What a delicious picture does Crisp paint of her in childhood, dancing "Nancy Dawson on the grass-plot, with your cap on the ground, and your long hair streaming down your back, one

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shoe off, and throwing about your head like a mad thing." She was always ready to dance Nancy Dawson, and eager in sympathy when others danced. In the lively parts of *Evelina* there is a Bacchic boisterousness almost Rabelaisian, and again and again throughout the diary scenes of pure, wild fun diversify the literary gravity of Streatham and the dull decorum of the court of George the Third.

But if Miss Burney could mock her friends she could also love them, and to study her friendships is to study the woman herself. Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi does, indeed, write of her young protégée in rather harsh terms. Like all the rest of the Streatham world, Fanny was bitterly opposed to the Piozzi marriage, and her attitude provoked her former hostess to indignant criticism. Even in the earlier days of ardent affection Mrs. Thrale notes some flaws in the relationship. Fanny was independent. Mrs. Thrale was patronizing. Fanny accepted favors a little as her due. Mrs. Thrale showered them, but wished them recognized. "Fanny Burney has kept her room here in my house seven days, with a fever or something that she calls a fever; I gave her every medicine and every slop with my own hand; took away her dirty cups, spoons, etc.; moved her tables; in short, was doctor, nurse, and maid—for I did not like the servants should have additional trouble, lest they should hate her for it. And now, with the true gratitude of a wit, she tells me that the world thinks the better of me for my civility to her. It does? does it?"

Can you not understand how Fanny felt? And how Mrs. Thrale felt? And that nevertheless they loved each other, as Mrs. Thrale indeed eagerly admits?

Then came the Piozzi trouble and the lady speaks harshly of "the treacherous Burneys." Yet I do not think Fanny deserved it. She loved Dr. Johnson and she loved Mrs. Thrale. Between them her course was difficult. Also, she was undeniably conventional by nature and Mrs. Thrale's irregularities shocked her. Yet she did the best she could.

"Treacherous," said Mrs. Thrale. "True as gold," said Queen Charlotte. The latter is much nearer the facts. Affection, loyal, devoted affection was the root of Miss Burney's existence. She quotes Dr. Johnson's saying to her, "Cling to those who cling to you," and I am sure she was ready to carry it the one step farther which real loyalty requires. Her old friends stuck by her and she by them.

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She defends them when they need it, even when they hardly deserve it. "All else but kindness and society has to me so always been nothing."

Especially charming is her devotion to her family. The memoirs of her father are three volumes of long laudation. Almost equal is her affection for that singular figure, her other father, Samuel Crisp. Her sisters, Susan especially, are loved and praised with similar ecstasy, and when her husband appears, her letters to him and about him are as rapturous as was to be expected. One strange exception to these family ardors stands out by its oddity. Madame D'Arblay's only son is, in youth, not what she would wish him to be—not dissipated, not vicious, but unsocial, unconventional—and she analyzes him to his father with a critical coldness which, in her, is startling. "When he is wholly at his ease, as he is at present . . . he is uncouth, negligent, and absent. . . . He exults rather than blushes in considering himself ignorant of everything that belongs to common life, and of everything that is deemed useful. . . . Sometimes he wishes for wealth, but it is only that he might be supine. . . . Yet, while thus open to every dupery, and professedly without any sense of order, he is so fearful of ridicule that a smile from his wife at any absurdity would fill him with the most gloomy indignation. It does so now from his mother." And thus we get sudden glimpses into deep gulfs of human nature where it is hardly meant we should.

It seems almost an irony that a person of Miss Burney's social and conventional temper should have been forced into the excess of social convention—a court. She knew what was before her and hated it; for we like to indulge our failings in our own way. All the more, therefore, is one struck with the admirable qualities which such a trying experience calls out in her. To begin with, she maintains her dignity. Sensitive, shy, and timid as she was, it might be supposed that all court creatures would walk over her, from the king to the lowest lackey, that in the busy struggle to climb she would be made a ladder rung for every coarse or careless foot. No, it is clear she was not. She had no false pretensions, no whimsical assertion of pride in the wrong place. But she would not be imposed upon. How fine and straightforward is her statement of principle in the matter: "To submit to ill-humor rather

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than argue and dispute I think an exercise of patience, and I encourage myself all I can to practise it; but to accept even a shadow of an obligation upon such terms I should think mean and unworthy; and therefore I mean always, in a Court as I would elsewhere, to be open and fearless in declining such subjection."

Even finer is the force of character with which she resists depression and brooding over being torn from her friends and cut off from all her favorite pursuits. "Now, therefore, I took shame to myself and resolved to be happy." Happy she could not be, but such a resolution alters life, nevertheless; and shows an immense fund of character in the resolver. Similar resources she had shown before when literary failure came to her as well as success. Accept the inevitable, resolutely control all thought of what cannot be helped, say nothing about it, and try something else. In short, she had a rich supply of that useful article, common sense. It is to be noted, also, that the heroines of her novels have it, for all their wild adventures.

With these various opportunities of human contact and with this natural shrewdness, Madame D'Arblay's diary should have been a mine of varied and powerful observation of life. It is not. She presents us with a vast collection of figures, vividly contrasted and distinguished in external details and little personal peculiarities; but rarely, if ever, does she get down to essentials, to a real grip on the deeper springs and motives of character. This is in large part due to the eternal literary prepossession which I have already pointed out. You feel that the painter is much more interested in making an effective picture than a genuine likeness. But Miss Burney's deficiencies as a psychologist go deeper than this technical artificiality and are bound up with one of the greatest charms of her personal temperament. For an exact observer of character she is altogether too amiable. I do not at all assert that a good student of men must hate them. Far from it.

> There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would we observingly distill it out

is an excellent warning for the psychologist. But Miss Burney is really too full of the milk of human kindness. It oozes from every pore. She "tempers her satire with meekness," said Mrs. Thrale. She does indeed. Occasion-

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ally, in a very elaborate portrait, like that of her fellow courtier, "Mr. Turbulent," she makes what the French call a "*charge*"; but even these are the rallying of utter good-nature, not the bitter caricatures of the born satirist. When, by rare chance, she does bring herself to a bitter touch, she usually atones for it by the observing distillation of a soul of goodness, which transfers the subject to the sheep category at once.

It is thus that her really vast gallery of portraiture is cruelly disappointing. Turn from her to Saint-Simon or Lord Hervey, turn even to the milder Greville or Madame de Rémusat, and you will feel the difference. George the Third was not Louis the Fourteenth, nor Queen Charlotte, Queen Caroline. But George and his wife were hardly the beatific spirits that appear in this diary. Miss Burney cannot say enough about her dear queen, her good queen, her saintly queen. Mrs. Thrale remarks: "The Queen's approaching death gives no concern but to the tradesmen, who want to sell their pinks and yellows, I suppose." And this is refreshing after so much distillation of soul perfumery.

In short, though she was far from a fool, Miss Burney's views of humanity do more credit to her heart than to her head. If the paradox is permissible, she was exceedingly intelligent, but not very richly endowed with intelligence—that is, she was quick to perceive and reason in detail, but she had no turn for abstract thinking. The "puppy-men" at Bath complained to Mrs. Thrale that her young protégée had "such a drooping air and such a timid intelligence." This was greatly to the credit of the puppy-men's discernment. Timid intellectually—not morally—Miss Burney certainly was. Such learning as she had she carefully disguised, and in this, no doubt, she had as fellows other eighteenth-century women much bigger than she. But when she gets hold of an attractive book she waits to read it in company. "Anything highly beautiful I have almost an aversion of reading alone." Here I think we have a mark of social instincts altogether outbalancing the intellectual.

As to religious opinions we have no right to criticize Miss Burney's reserve, because she tells us that it is of set purpose. At the same time it is noticeable how ready she is to look up to somebody else for her thinking. Her father, Crisp, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Locke, her husband, each in turn is an idol, a mainstay for the timid intelligence to cling to.

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And as her intelligence was perhaps not Herculean, so I question whether her emotional life, just and tender and true as it unquestionably was, had anything volcanic in it. She had certainly admirable control of her feelings; but in these cases we are never quite sure whether the force controlling is strong or the force controlled weak. Her love for her husband was rapturous—in words. Words were her stock in trade. It was also, no doubt, capable of supreme sacrifice; for her conscience was high and pure. Still, that "drooping air and timid intelligence" haunt me. She seems to approach all life, from God to her baby, with a delicious spiritual awe; so different from Miss Austen, who walks right up and lifts the veil of awe from everything. Miss Burney, indeed, stands as much in awe of herself as of everything else; and hence it is that, writing thousands of words about herself, she tells us comparatively little.

One thing is certain, she was a writer from her childhood to her death. Her own experiences and all others were "copy," first and foremost. "I thought the lines worth preserving; so flew out of the room to write this." She was always flying out of life to preserve it—in syrup. The minute detail with which she writes down—or invents—all the conversations of her first love affair is extraordinary enough. Still, as she had no feeling in the matter herself, it was less wonderful that she could describe—not analyze—the young man's. But she did love her father. She did love her husband. That she could go from their death-beds and write down last words and dying wishes, all the hopes and fears of those supreme moments, with cool, artistic finish and posterity in her eye, is a fine instance of the scribbling mania.

It is, therefore, as an authoress that we must chiefly think of her. It is as the fêted, flattered, worshiped creatress of *Evelina* that her girlish figure gets its finest piquancy; and she herself, in old age, must have gone back again and again, through all the varied agitations of fifty years, to that notable evening when Johnson and Burke vied with each other in enthusiastic praise of her book, and as she left them, intoxicated with glory, Burke quietly said to her, "Miss Burney, die to-night."

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

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THE WESSEX NOVELS OF THOMAS HARDY

BY HAROLD WILLIAMS

History has a knack of presenting us with pairs of great men of thought or action who supplement each other's work, who fill in the one-sidedness or deficiency of their contemporary in the same field of achievement. The *a priori* philosophical method of Plato is balanced by the empirical bent of his pupil Aristotle; Euripides and Sophocles exhibit a natural contrast; Goethe and Schiller are different facets of a common *tendenz;* Tennyson and Browning illustrate the trend of thought, life, and art of their day in differing ways and in differing aspects; Emerson and Hawthorne are dissimilar examples of the meeting of New England Puritanism with the spirit of art. In the central decades of the last century two great English novelists, Dickens and Thackeray, reflected separate sides of social life each in his own vein of satire, humor, and didacticism. And, later in the same century, the contrast and comparison were repeated in different terms by another pair of great novelists, Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy. The long life of George Meredith drew to its close, and Mr. Hardy alone remains of the great men of letters who belonged to the Victorian era of English literary story.

Mr. Hardy had not, like Meredith, to wait through long years of comparative neglect, though it was some time before the more peculiarly technical excellence of his work received its due recognition. When his fourth novel, *Far from the Madding Crowd,* ran its course through the *Cornhill Magazine,* thirty-seven years ago, it commended itself as much to the uncritical reader as to the man whose business was with letters. But the gentle reader who escapes the obsession of trying or trying not to see harm in the later novels has still, in many cases, the innocent belief

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that Mr. Hardy is the observant painter of rural scenes in a small corner of England, and that the narrow limitations of his Wessex scenery preclude us from regarding him as a great novelist. Others, of a slightly more critical capacity, look upon him as the receptive student of French technique in the art of shaping a narrative, and are blind to that comprehensive conviction and sympathy of outlook upon life which lie at the foundation of the greater qualities of his work. In the latter class may be reckoned, as a pertinent example, the late David Christie Murray, who, in unadvised moments of leisure, strayed from hackneyed fiction to literary criticism on still lower levels. In an unwittingly curious and amusing collection of critical essays on his contemporaries in fiction, wherein we find him performing the seemingly impossible feat of reviewing George Meredith and Mr. Hall Caine in a common chapter, he treats Mr. Hardy as the craftsman who has learned a useful lesson from the French novelists, though himself hampered by paucity of imagination and a want of fertility in the invention of plot.

These one-sided points of view are at fault not in the direction to which they look, but in their short-sightedness. Mr. Hardy may be the annalist of rural life and agricultural manners; but it is surely a mistake, at this time of the day, to breathe a sigh for another simple country-tale like *Under the Greenwood Tree*, charming in its direct naturalness as that book may be! And yet the sigh has been breathed in print by a distinguished American critic of literature. If Mr. Hardy had restricted himself to the vein of his second novel we should be safe in prophesying that, compared with its actuality, the measure of his present fame would have been insignificant. It is not only as the painter of village life in remote corners of a small English county that he has sent out novels which impress readers in his own country, and under the wholly different conditions of life in America, with their note of power and great writing. Nor, again, has he won his outstanding position merely as a master-craftsman.

Mr. Hardy's knowledge of country life, his powers of observation, the fine faculty he displays in putting a book together, stand him in good stead; but it is not here only that we look for that which gives him his notable place as a writer of prose fiction. If we compare secondary writers with those who take their place by right divine in the first

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class, we shall feel that the most marked distinction is what we may call the aura of individuality which flows from primary writers. No writer has been truly great who was not possessed by some species of egotistical conviction, an outlook on life and its problems which was for him inevitable and virtually unquestioned. This mental attitude may have been revolutionary or conventional, original or commonplace, moral or immoral according to ordinary standards, but it has always been intense. Richardson, who was wholly commonplace, created, as he claimed, "a new species of writing," more important than Mr. Bernard Shaw, who, less distinctively conventional in outlook, is ever likely to do. Great fiction, like other forms of art, is measured ultimately by concentration of vision and emotional sincerity in the author.

That view of life which we read out of Mr. Hardy's novels is steady and whole-minded; it is as intense and thoroughgoing in the earlier books as in his later work. He would seem to have suffered from none of the illusions of youth. We are conscious that the young man of thirty knew with Bellario that life is "a game that must be lost"; or in the phrase of Rabelais we could imagine him describing it as an "*insigne fable et tragique comédie.*" But though he refuses the sop which Hope holds out and most men clutch at, there is no weakness in the mental atmosphere of the novels. For, unlike many theoretical or temperamental pessimists, Mr. Hardy is imbued with the spirit of a human and a personal sympathy. Faith, hope, and love are satirized by circumstance or broken beneath the passing feet of the years which "like great black oxen tread the world"; but, even if we have read ourselves into a mental acquiescence with the attitude of the writer, we would still wish to play our part on so great and moving a stage. The unconscious powers which rule the courses of the planets and heedlessly shape the lives of men are never lost to view. In the solitary woodland places, on Egdon Heath, in Blackmoor Vale, at the dairy-farm where Tess and Angel Clare learned to love, in the quiet cathedral town of Melchester, and in the market-place of Casterbridge we realize that the course of events in the story of obscure lives is big with the destinies of the universe. The scene is laid in a secluded agricultural county where the noise of the great industrial centers hardly comes as a distant murmur, the characters belong to the sim-

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plicity of an older and less sophisticated world than most of us are condemned to live in; but in these novels life is greater, nobler, more tragic, more fraught with tremendous issues, than in books which carry us away to the four corners of the earth or to the noisy bustle of nations and of kingdoms. Whatever may be the limitations of Mr. Hardy's insight, the similarity of the *motif* underlying his tales, or the improbability of plot in his minor books, he can claim to have invested the tragedy of the individual with a note of universal significance as only the great masters have done. It is this which lends to his novels whatever greatness they possess. Not a few among younger writers have imitated him or worked over again the hints which he has dispensed, but the peculiar note of great destiny which marks his narrative is not to be found in the copies. This is inimitable, the gift of that unfaltering steadiness of vision which belongs to genius.

It has been conjectured, and with some show of reason, that we can trace three stages in the development of human consciousness. In early and primitive man the sense of individuality is slight: the individual is sunk in the tribe. There is, secondly, the stage on which the vast majority of civilized men now stand, where the sense of the Ego, of the individual life set in opposition to the *otherness* of fellow-lives, is clearly felt. And beyond this lies a third stage, the beginnings of which we can already discern—the realization of the unity of the individual with universal life. The theory may seem a little strained; but, apart from its strict application, it is, at least, suggestive in the study of differing types of mind. The imagination of Mr. Hardy belongs distinctively to the third order; and it is as yet an uncommon type. It sees the unity of all sentient life, not as a philosophic doctrine, but as a momentous reality. Schopenhauer, watching the kitten playing in the yard, knows that it is the same as the kitten that was playing there three hundred years ago. The generations of cat-life are only a means to an end—the kitten which is always there; and only important in the light of that end. So likewise birth and death and the passing generations of men only serve to fill out the jejune chronicle of history; the important and significant fact is man who is always there. That the individual existence is " rounded with a sleep " is less to Mr. Hardy than the knowledge that the essential elements of human

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life and character are not mortal; they endure unchangeably through the centuries. In the Wessex laborer of to-day, who plows the field, walks the lonely heath, sits in his village inn and talks the Old World wisdom, he sees the same man who was there a hundred, five hundred, a thousand years ago. Changes in dress, in vocabulary, in a few inessentials of an uncomprehended religion, Christian in name but pagan in virtue, are superficialities which do not touch the real man. The temper of mind which leads Mr. Hardy to see the past in the present, to read the older generations in the face of living men and women, is only a manifestation, in lesser degree, of the tendency already noticed, which helps him to lend a mood of universality to individual life-stories. In his greater novels the ancient world is never lost to sight; in the talk, wise sayings, humor, scarcely veiled paganism, belief in witchcraft, in the houses and household utensils of the Wessex peasantry, it still lives.

Mr. Hardy writes:

> Many of the laborers about here bear corrupted Norman names; many are the descendants of the squires in the last century, and their faces even now strongly resemble the portraits in the old manor-houses. Many are, must be, the descendants of the Romans who lived here in great pomp and state for four hundred years. I have seen faces here that are the duplicates of those fine faces I saw at Fiesole, where also I picked up Roman coins, the counterpart of those we find here so often. They even use Latin words here, which have survived everything.

Other writers have preceded or followed Mr. Hardy in giving to their novels a local environment, sometimes even narrower than his, but no one has succeeded, by the same plan, in impressing upon us the age-old and unchanging order of life's essentials. The scene of nearly all his greater writing centers in one small county, Dorset; and he uses the unity of place to educe an artistically impressive synthesis of past and present life.

The unseen powers behind the universe are present for Mr. Hardy as an impelling force alike in the lives of men and in the realm of Nature. When he describes the fields, the copses, and the hills of Dorset, it is not as plausible and necessary background to the lives of his characters. The moods of earth and sky enter into human life, color it, and even play their part in the story. In *The Return of the Native,* for example, Egdon Heath, a " vast tract of unenclosed wild," broods as the genius of destiny over the lives

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of the men and women who pass their allotted span of time upon its slopes. The dark embrowned mass of the heath is drawn against the skyline of the narrative, and we cannot escape a consciousness of its presence even when for many pages it has not been named.

The profound influence of climatic and physical conditions upon the character of a people is admitted, but it has seldom been used by imaginative writers with conscious artistry or psychological insight. The early novels of Björnson, *Arne* and *Synnöve Solbakken,* are notable exceptions to such a statement, and there are, of course, other exceptions among English, French, and Russian novels. But, however faithful the transcript of natural scenery may be in many writers, we are rarely made to feel that its connection with human life is intimate and inevitable. In Mr. Hardy's novels it is difficult to dissociate the people from their environment; and, more than this, by a fine and most distinctive gift of psychological suggestiveness, we read the color and nature of their surroundings in their habits, speech, and character. Egdon Heath pervades the lives of the peasantry in *The Return of the Native;* but Giles Winterborne and Marty South, in *The Woodlanders,* belong to the woodland places. We could not transfer characters from one book to the other without a sense of incongruity. We are conscious of an essential affinity between the atmospheric tone of natural environment and the inmost personality of characters in the tale.

Wordsworth was the first to reveal clearly a kinship between the moods of earth and sky and the moods of the human mind. But the theory he reiterates, that the simple and austere surroundings of Nature reflect themselves in the natural integrity and cheerful contentedness of country folk, is surely an extraordinary misconception, which the slightest real acquaintance with any European peasantry will immediately remove. Even Wordsworth's tramp, who lives by begging scraps from door to door, bears about

> The good which the benignant law of Heaven
> Has hung around him.

This is indeed the super-tramp! Nature is the teacher of "moral evil and of good" to the cultured and reflective mind; but only in pastoral idyls are we justified in supposing that She is an ethical influence in the lives of those

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whose lot has been cast upon the soil through generations from father to son. Mr. Hardy does not labor under the illusion which Wordsworth has cultivated in the minds of town-dwellers. If, however, natural influences are not reflected ethically in the habits of a peasantry they *are* reflected in poetry of speech, in imagination, in religious beliefs, in the whole cast of temper and mind. Gabriel Oak, in *Far from the Madding Crowd,* is a man who lives in the open fields tending sheep, we read it in his whole manner; Giles Winterborne, in *The Woodlanders,* as obviously spends his life in the shadowy silence of the woods; though Clym Yeobright, in *The Return of the Native,* has traveled, the barren features of Egdon Heath have communicated a like austerity to his view of life's meaning; and Michael Henchard (*The Mayor of Casterbridge*) is an agricultural laborer out of place in a country town. Marty South and Tess are both country girls, yet they differ, for one lives in the woods and the other in a village. Beyond this, however, it is blind circumstance and not character which separates so widely the moral issue of their lives.

The business man who rushes away, once a year, from the whirl of city life to a holiday in the country feels a joyous exhilaration in the sense of freedom and space, in the purity of the air, and the sweet scent of flowers and lush grasses. But if he protracted his holiday in a lonely district far from towns for ten or twenty years, he would find this sense of exhilaration fade into something more like melancholy. Country folk may have humor, but their ordinary habit of mind is more grave and serious than that of city people. The elemental forces of Nature, reflected in the seasons, pursue a monotonous and unchanging course. The man who watches the repeated cycle of the seasons through a long lifetime will not himself be vivacious or responsive to rapid alternations of mood. The song of birds, the sough of the wind, the music of running water, have not changed since the creation of the world. Mr. Hardy is keenly conscious of this monotony of repetition which communicates itself to the mind of country people. He describes Michael Henchard tramping the road with his wife who carries a child in her arms, and speaks of " the atmosphere of stale familiarity which the trio carried along with them like a nimbus as they moved down the road." This is only a reflex of the " stale familiarity " of the sky, the fields, the hedgerows, the road

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with dusty grass margins, and " the voice of a weak bird singing a trite old evening song that might doubtless have been heard on the hill at the same hour, and with the self-same trills, quavers, and breves, at any sunset of the season for centuries untold."

The epithet commonly used to describe the more serious and less versatile nature of the countryman as compared with the man who lives in streets, is *stolid;* but the word inevitably implies staring and stockish stupidity. It may be that the countryman's ideas move more slowly than those of people from the large cities, yet not because he is stupid; his wisdom is as true, and it is more fitted to the needs of a life which has to do with the unhasting movements of Nature. The spirit of a strong and patient passivity and melancholy is written in the lives of all the more outstanding characters of Mr. Hardy's novels. His reading of peasant life is intimate and realistic, not the clever reconstruction of the young novelist who has worked up his local color by a few weeks' stay on the spot, and writes to show us how the other half of the world lives.

There is, however, another side to the picture; and to leave Mr. Hardy's painting of peasant life at this stage would be a gross misrepresentation. Faithful adherence to the pervading atmosphere of life on the soil may have tinged his narrative with a melancholy, which to the impercipient reader seems a morbid obsession. But he is a pessimist with a deep and rich vein of humor. Melancholy lies at the base of every genuinely humorous nature. There is a strain of gravity and sadness in the character of Falstaff. Mr. Hardy's humor in characterization was never better displayed than in the first of his more distinctive novels, *Far from the Madding Crowd.* In that fine piece of critical writing, *The Art of Thomas Hardy,* Lionel Johnson points out that in the humor of these peasant characters we are made to feel that life on the English soil has not changed essentially since Shakespeare peopled his plays with country folk of his own day. " When they speak," he writes, " it is in a Shakespearean humor: from Shallow and Silence, to Mistress Quickly and Dull, from Lance and Lancelot, to Costard and Touchstone, we hear the old tones, taste the old wit, take the old humor, until we are ready to swear by that impressive phrase, the continuity of history."

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If we find a larger quantity of humor in the first of the greater novels, it does not fail us in that book's successors. The conversation of the bonfire-makers in *The Return of the Native* is touched with a wise humor. It is the humor of shrewd observation, untrammeled by ideas and qualifications taught in the schools; and this is the true quality of peasant humor. Its character may be instanced by Mark Clark's statement that a faculty for drinking deep is "a talent of the Lord mercifully bestowed upon us, and we ought not to neglect it"; or by Humphrey's excuse for absenting himself from church on Sundays: "'Tis so terrible far to get there; and when you do get there 'tis such a mortal poor chance that you'll be chose for up above, when so many bain't, that I bide at home and don't go at all." The play performed by the mummers in *The Return of the Native* reminds us, in its blundering ineptness, of Shakespeare's farcical sub-plots. Here are the same people—Costard, Dull, Quince, Nick Bottom, Starveling—they bear different names, but they have not changed.

The talk of these country people revolves about a few enduring subjects, the mainsprings of human life, which are always and insistently there—birth, marriage, death, religion, eating, and drinking. And serious as most of these matters are, though the peasantry of these Wessex novels know them to be serious, yet there is a natural and admirable reaction of the human mind which has always prompted it to talk a little jestingly on grave subjects—even judgment and the wrath to come. It is a natural necessity, and spells profanity only to those who are shallow and superficial. The lot of the laborers whom we meet in the novels is hard, they win the right to existence by a lifelong monotony of toil as furze-cutters, farm hands, dairymaids, plowmen, shepherds, reddlemen—it is in the moments of relief from labor, when they sit in the taproom of the village inn, or take part in a dance and supper that the kindliest of gifts bestowed on mortals lightens the interlude with odd whimsicalities of thought and turns of phrase.

The signal and final test of genius in the writer of fiction lies in the presence or absence of two faculties which can hardly be analyzed or dissected apart from each other. These two are, the gift of visualizing characters who belong to the real world, who are not merely clothes-racks with names, and the power of placing them in an environ-

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ment of episode and incident which would naturally arise in the clash of their postulated temperaments and natures, so that we feel them to be more than puppets controlled at the caprice of the author. If we begin to measure Mr. Hardy's novels by this standard, the necessity of uncompromising differentiation becomes apparent. He has written books in which we suspect him to be toying with his natural aptitude for inventing entanglements and hitches. Into this class fall *A Pair of Blue Eyes, A Laodicean, The Hand of Ethelberta.* The characters are unconvincing and the plot improbable. In later books, *The Well-Beloved* and *Jude the Obscure,* widely sundered as they are in intention, we begin with abstract ideas, and the story is written to clothe their metaphysical nakedness. *Jude the Obscure* is the story of a hero of tragedy commonly to be found in the philosophical writings of rationalists, and known as " Circumstance-over-which-we-have-no-control." Five novels, in which the author keeps himself to life on the soil of Wessex, stand in a distinctive place above Mr. Hardy's other books; they are, *Far from the Madding Crowd, The Return of the Native, The Mayor of Casterbridge, The Woodlanders,* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.* Besides these are the volumes of short stories in which he is eminently successful, and *The Trumpet Major,* a delightful Wessex tale, showing, however, less power than the greater novels.

Mr. Hardy is to be judged by the five novels distinctively named. The *motif* in each case, when disentangled, exhibits a strong similarity; but we are not conscious of it till we return upon our track in the mood of analysis and criticism. The type of hero chosen is the strong, patient, thoughtful and upright man belonging to the soil; he is better than the ignorant laborers and yokels about him, but neither in knowledge nor in intellectual powers does he reach to more than a very moderate standard. He is commonly brought into contact with a woman slightly his superior in culture and quickness of mind; but the type varies, and there may be more than one woman. Against the principal figures are set, on one side, country people and laborers, and, on the other, men and women of a higher social rank, whose artificiality contrasts weakly with the simpler natures of the people of the soil. But in the last point something certainly can be attributed to the author's comparative awkwardness when he gets away from his country folk. In *Tess of the*

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D'Urbervilles the plan is virtually reversed, and we read the tragic issue of a conflict of character between an untutored village girl and men who are her superiors in the social scale and in knowledge of the world.

The Woodlanders approximates most fully to the outlines of this sketch. Here we see two worlds of thought and feeling opposed to each other. Felice Charmond and Dr. Fitzpiers stand on one side as gentlefolk; on the other side are Marty South and Giles Winterborne as types of peasantry; and Grace Melbury, the daughter of simple country people, whose natural self has been blunted by an expensive education, links the two extremes. An able critic of Mr. Hardy's work has animadverted upon what he regards as the incongruous nature of this contrast. He declares that the author achieves a positively irritating result in the combination of "a matchless story of rustic life with this inferior work." And he adds:

> It produces the effect of a Millet inserting into the foreground of a masterpiece, such as *Les Glaneuses,* the figures of an actress and a physician, painted in some fashionable style of portraiture. The required contrast between the primitive ways of the woodlanders and the manners of the modern world might surely have been obtained by more simple means?[1]

He does not indicate the method he would prefer, and the less hypercritical reader may rest content in believing that Mr. Hardy has employed the only means possible of reaching the desired contrast—that of bringing the two worlds into contact. And the analogy with Millet's great picture is worse than meaningless; it is to confuse the totally different aims of two arts. It is the business of a painter to enshrine the visual emotion of a moment; it is the business of imaginative writing to exhibit moving incident and the clash of character. Minor details in the plot of *The Woodlanders* may be improbable; we do not say they are; but in its striking picture of the sundered paths of natural men and women and the artificial world of modern civilization the book does *not* fail.

Giles Winterborne is Mr. Hardy's true and humble man of heart for whom circumstance is too strong. The tragedy of his life lies in his love for Grace Melbury, the woman who has been placed out of harmony with the rustic simplicity of her home surroundings by a high-school educa-

[1] *Quarterly Review,* April, 1904.

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tion. The thin veneer of an unsuitable education blinds her to the simple worth of the great-hearted man who loves her, and she marries an expansive, conceited, irritating young country doctor. He is soon faithless to her; and the marriage drifts into disaster, only to be miserably patched up again. Though Grace Melbury has passed him over, Winterborne suffers exposure for her sake which results in his death. Yet the memory of his self-sacrifice soon slips from her; and it is Marty South, the hard-working, poverty-ridden cottage girl, who has loved Winterborne hopelessly while a less worthy woman stands between, who comes every week to lay fresh flowers on his grave. And we realize that this girl standing there in the moonlight, "the marks of poverty and toil effaced by the misty hour, . . . touched sublimity at points, and looked almost like a being who had rejected with indifference the attribute of sex for the loftier quality of abstract humanism." The unbefriended, toil-worn peasant girl whispers to the green sod which covers the man she loved:

> Whenever I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven! . . . But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!

She recounts his deeds—they belong to the narrow round of laboring life which they both knew—the planting of cuttings, the splitting of gads, the turning of a cider press; for his skill in these and for himself she loved him unutterably and forever. *The Woodlanders* closes on a great note which thrills the imagination with the poetry of an emotional truth to life. And in the gallery of noble women who adorn the pages of English fiction, from Clarissa Harlowe, Amelia and Jeanie Deans to the women of Meredith, Marty South claims her rightful place.

In differing terms the tragedy of *The Woodlanders* is the tragedy of Mr. Hardy's other novels. In the phrase Grammer Oliver borrows, we realize that "no man's hands could help what they did, any more than the hands of a clock." It is useless to quarrel with a writer because he is a determinist, and we may happen to hold a belief in the freedom of the will, which we justify to ourselves, either not at all, or after the manner of Locke, Bergson, or any other thinker

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who has given himself to the solution of a problem that can never be laid. This question, like many others, has nothing to do with our judgment of imaginative writing. If it had, there is ground enough for the battle in Shakespeare, and the question of its relation to great art may be fought out there, before it is carried further. With the vast majority of people the answer must always remain a matter of temperament and nothing more. But few writers have suffered more narrow-minded disparagement on this score than Mr. Hardy. In the region of artistic and literary criticism the whole question exists, only to be dismissed to its proper place—the philosopher's study. On the other hand, Mr. Hardy's power, which none can deny him, is not a little owing to what may appear to some readers his inability to see that, despite the harsh ironies of circumstances,

> . . . thought and faith are mightier things than time
> Can wrong,
> Made splendid once by speech, or made sublime
> By song.

To say that he does not perceive this would be unjust; love and faith triumph over the wrongs of time in the concluding passage of *The Woodlanders*. But the habitual mood of his narrative tends to hide from sight the "immarcescible crown" of life's failures. Heartless treachery betrays Fanny Robin to a miserable death in the workhouse; Michael Henchard's decline is a picture of unrelieved gloom; and the tragedy of Tess, if it seem to mortals "a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong," is only as sport to the Immortals.

The five prose tragedies of Wessex life reach their culmination in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Few English novels written within the last forty years are better known than this: it has called forth an almost equal measure of admiration for the power and beauty of its writing and of vituperation from people who are troubled with the complaint of seeing harm in things. The clear issue of *Tess* is merely one more treatment in terms of art of a question as old as the Book of Job; it enters into Goethe's *Faust*, it underlies the narrative of *Clarissa;* and if the solution be as far from us as ever, it is improbable that the question has now been asked for the last time. The exact distribution of justice is undeniably not as apparent in the world of actual

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things as some would have it; and in the "crash of broken commandments" it is not always the most guilty who suffer. The problem is not merely one of speculative interest: it has wide ethical implications. An intelligent reading of *Tess* reveals Mr. Hardy in an unexpectedly conventional light as a moralist; and the failure of the many to see this is a little difficult to understand. The conviction Angel Clare finally reaches, that "The beauty or ugliness of a character lay not only in its achievements, but in its aims and impulses; its true history lay, not among things done, but among things willed," is surely a very moderate commonplace, even in the pulpit.

But *Tess* as a work of art is a greater thing than the same book as a criticism of ethical anomalies. Its worst faults lie in the author's obvious didacticism, which hurries him into digression and a loss of hold upon that gift of design and composition which commonly distinguishes his work. Conflict of character is dramatically conceived and dramatically executed. Tess herself must always remain an enduring figure in English fiction. The book is instinct with a fine and austere sense of poetry. In its painting of natural scenery it falls not a whit behind *The Woodlanders* and *The Return of the Native.* And there is nothing in these novels to rival the exquisite beauty of those passages in *Tess* which describe the silent loveliness of the morning and evening hours, when the shadows and lights hover and pass across the rich meadows surrounding Crick's dairy-farm. Nor can anything in Mr. Hardy's work surpass the power with which he describes Nature in her sterner aspects in the tale of Tess's toiling life on the bare chalk-lands of Flintcomb-Ash.

To return to an earlier statement—if we are to judge the place of Mr. Hardy as a writer of fiction, it is by his five greater novels. In these our imagination is intimately affined with the experience of peasant men and women; and we read in the story of their lives the inevitable event of the clash of character with character. There is a logical precision and exactitude in the treatment of character; the author is imbued with a scientific and analytic temper; but life is for him the primary art. The development of incident is not clever design; it is the unavoidable outcome of situation and character. In few novels indeed does the narrative read as an inexorable transcript. The character-

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study may be clever, the weaving of the plot ingenious, but very rarely are we made to feel an inherent and necessary relationship between the two. To bring the two together as the corresponding terms of a synthesis is the perfect work of the dramatist and novelist. A very general criticism of Mr. Hardy's novels is the improbability of their plot. But this is to judge him only by his secondary work—a manifest injustice.

And, once more, a town-bred criticism is sure to go astray when it walks the lanes of Wessex in a silk hat, lavender gloves, and frock-coat, and examines the lives of the people in the light of the newest fashion in ideas. Between the peasantry of Europe and the life of the cities there is a great gulf fixed. For example—in several very distinctive features the country folk have a well-understood code of morality ruling sex-relationship, which has long since been replaced by another standard in the world of modern civilization. In obedience to this older code Jude Fawley unquestioningly marries Arabella Donn. And this is only a single instance of differences of thought which extend to all the issues of life. In the standards by which conduct is judged, in the measure by which life's meaning is estimated, in the rules which guide action, the mind of the laborer on the soil has a wholly different content to that of his more sophisticated fellow in the cities. And the drift of the narrative in Mr. Hardy's Wessex novels is guided by the knowledge of an older and more primitive way of looking at things, which is often lost upon the city-bred reader.

Herein lies a secondary value of these novels. The older agricultural life dies hard; and even in England there are still large tracts of country, notably in the southwest, where large cities there are virtually none, almost untouched by the desolating influences of the great industrial centers. Yet, even here, life is not what it was to the middle of the last century. The Wessex of Mr. Hardy is "a modern Wessex of railways, the penny post, mowing and reaping machines." But by birth and ancestral associations he belongs to the soil and land which he describes; his writing is instinct with these associations, bred in the physical fiber and in the imagination. In the Wessex novels the older ways, the older thought, the old wisdom, speech, and humor are reflected by a master mind.

HAROLD WILLIAMS.

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REVISED ETHICS

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

It has been said: "*La religion étant un des produits vivants de l'humanité doit vivre, c'est-à-dire changer avec elle.*" The conditions of human life are admittedly changing to-day with a speed heretofore unimagined, and this must needs point to a change in men themselves.

Whoever interests himself in the changes denoted by a new vocabulary or a disuse of the old realizes how great a change is coming about in our moral and religious perceptions. Not only is the devil dead in the last half-century, but all the old phrases that grouped themselves about personal salvation are swept aside. To-day we have but little respect for the man who would confessedly be spending time saving his own soul. On the contrary, the question about a character nowadays is invariably, What can it do to save others, what is its service to humanity?

Another change to be noted is the turning from any abstract and intangible obligation to the immediate concrete duty. We respect a man less to-day for regularity at church and an enforced familiarity with the hierarchy of heaven than for some immediate service to his neighbor. If he devote himself to the succor of the poor, like Jane Addams; to a sympathetic adjustment of human difficulties, like Judge Lindsey; or to self-renunciation for the benefit of others, like Tolstoi, we understand and honor his character.

A well-known thinker upon ethical and religious history traces the religious consciousness of the last century or so through three stages. Beginning with what he calls religious morality, it has worked down through a rational morality and a morality of work to social morality. This would seem to be entirely in accord with Jesus's saying, "If ye love not your brother whom ye have seen." Were a social morality sufficiently full-veined and wide-spreading, it might quite as well work back on that broad foundation through the same

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gradations—namely, after love of one's brother, through service, to a conception of the rationality of lifting the plane of the whole race to some far worthier spiritual conception than any yet attained.

As it is, the old vocabulary is swept away. Duty to God, which consisted in certain rigid and formal external obligations, prohibitions, and commandments beginning "Thou shalt not," is merged in the new dispensation begun really when, instead of Moses's ten prohibitions, the laws of life were framed in the nine beatitudes. Loving and serving God in order to procure His protection and advancement in this life, as well as what George Meredith calls "the renting of a pew in heaven," would necessarily seem rather unworthy to a higher development of consciousness.

The second stage of modern morals founded itself upon rationality. The wages of sin proved death, and whatever was of worth in this world was the reward of a reasonable and sensible conduct of life. This morality, however, no longer claimed to be obedience to a divine revelation so much as obedience to man's own more enlightened perceptions. Its laws were largely laid down or expanded from the former tradition of public opinion. Public opinion, as Professor Giddings defines it, is "The judgment of a self-conscious community upon any subject of general interest." The formation of public opinion is the sum of education as it extends from the schools, universities, theaters, newspapers, magazines, novels. That the change from a religious morality to a social morality has not lessened human interest or lightened the sense of obligation may be derived from the mere reading of the tables of contents of the current magazines. Every phase of obligation is represented; of man to man, and even man to woman; of the adult to the child; of capital to labor; of the working-man to his fellows; of citizens to schools; of employers to employees; of society to the criminal, the uneducated, the insane, the feeble-minded. The moral sense we must admit has never been more alert, more open-minded, and man never more sure of accomplishment through endeavor. He aims to-day as never before at a social adjustment, the adjustment of earning-power and of wealth, of the public health and the education of minors, even ultimately at the regulation of the kind of people that shall be born into this world.

Never before have the means of spreading opinion been

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so stupendous. "Amid the daily contact of our social habit of thought, standards of value, subtle influences in the estimate of right and wrong pass from man to man just as quietly and unconsciously as the blood passes from one part of the body to another, bearing seeds of life or death to the whole body." We would seem to have reached the stage already when secrets are proclaimed from the housetops. Also it is evident that the old system of rewards for virtue has dropped out of sight. No heaven is described and promised for the self-sacrificing and the virtuous. Somehow virtue must be understood to be its own reward. The gentle shall have love in their hearts; the mourners shall know the warm reaction of comfort; the meek shall enjoy the friendship of the earth and man; the hungry and the thirsty for righteousness shall become righteous; the merciful shall in turn be spared; the pure shall know what purity is; peacemakers shall be blessed as peacemakers; and those persecuted for a good cause shall know the highest bliss, which is self-respect. All this was pointed out some two thousand years ago, and the world is beginning to understand and accept it to-day.

There is one new reward for the virtuous occasionally discerned. It is again being emphasized that he who escapes from the smaller world of the ego inherits a larger world. There is a type of consciousness aware of the universe not as a dead machine against which he struggles for the breath of life, but rather as a living presence of which he is a part and by which he cannot be destroyed. The destruction of his self-consciousness is the birth of a consciousness which includes all that he perceives, or is even vaguely aware of. This enlargement of the self throws pain and suffering, the struggles of development, into the background. A widening of sympathy whereby all men's joys are ours, a deepening of consciousness whereby all mental satisfactions permeate all—these are the distinguishing features of our new ethics. In the *Story of My Heart* Richard Jeffries describes many of the phenomena of this state of mind, which is probably the next step beyond the social morality: "I feel on the margin of a life unknown, very near, almost touching it—on the verge of powers which, if I could grasp, would give me an immense breadth of existence. . . . Sometimes a very ecstasy of exquisite enjoyment of the entire universe filled me. . . .

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"When I consider that I dwell this moment in the eternal *Now* that has ever been and ever will be, that I am in the midst of immortal things this very moment, that there are probably souls as infinitely superior to mine as mine to a piece of timber—what, then, *is* a miracle?"

This power of dissolving self-consciousness into life-consciousness, as in Jeffries, or into general human-consciousness as one often finds it in Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter, would seem to be, quite evidently, the next step forward in development.

The simple lesson has been learned by most people of a fairly progressive consciousness that self-consciousness stands in the way of progress and that to save a life one must begin by losing its narrower limits, that is, give up all limited desires and forms, all effort at aggrandizing the single separate unit of humanity, except in so far as doing so aggrandizes and develops the entire human consciousness; literally, lifts all humanity upon some higher plane.

It was some such vision as this that Dante describes in the last cantos of the "Paradiso" when at last he saw "the smile of the universe," a "life entire of love and of peace." It was this enlarged consciousness of which St. Augustine wrote in his *City of God*, where there were graves of honor indeed, but none of envy.

This loss of self in larger units such as Nature, humanity, the general welfare, and larger consciousness is the very essence of our revised ethics. No man is good or happy or successful unto himself alone.

Louise Collier Willcox.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" in New York.—The Visit of Cyril Maude.—A Delectable Irish Comedy.—"The Strange Woman."

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THERE are some who, noting the recurrent pother stirred up by the compositions of Richard Strauss, may remember the words of Socrates to the Athenians: "You are vexed, as drowsy persons are when they are awakened." Surely Strauss is unequaled in all music as an awakener! Whatever may be justly said in detraction of him—and he is full of faults—it cannot be denied that he always stirs the waters. The commotion may bring up something rare and precious, or it may bring up mud; but the activity is indisputable. He is the most electrical, the most inveterately alive, of all music-makers. For mere dynamic energy, there is no one to set beside him. He is often irritating—and he irritates by his banality and triviality no less than by his staggeringly complacent habit of writing music that has neither point nor coherence, neither reason nor logic. But to be indifferent to his address is impossible. He can be commonplace with a blatancy that sets the teeth on edge. He can attain to a degreee of bad taste that passes credibility. His *gamineries* are unpardonable. He can offend and exasperate with a cool effrontery that is almost engaging. He can be as trivial as Bellini, as sentimental as Gounod, as pompously empty as Meyerbeer. He is the most reckless, the most untamed, the most preposterous, the most egregious of all composers. He reminds you of what Swinburne said about William Blake: that, "aware that he must at least offend a little, he did not fear to offend much. To measure

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the exact space of safety, to lay down the precise limits of offense, was an office neither to his taste nor within his power." Yet Strauss is beyond any question at all the greatest music-maker since Wagner—one of the supreme tone-poets. He has practically no limitations. He can be as impassioned, as beautiful, as pathetic as Wagner, as nobly elevated as Beethoven. He has written page after page that are among the most impressive in all music. Such things as the love music in "Heldenleben," the tenth variation and finale in "Don Quixote," certain of the songs, the recognition scene in "Elektra," the stupendous opening measures of "Zarathustra"—music of terrifying, of cosmic, sublimity: things such as this the world will not soon let die. We have mentioned Blake—of whom Strauss not infrequently reminds one; and it was Blake who finely and truly said that music "exults in immortal thoughts." There are immortal thoughts in the music of Strauss. At his best he is comparable only with the masters. He recalls that astonishing portrait of a famous publicist by John Sargent, which, if you cover one side of the face, suggests a diabolical creature without soul or conscience, whereas, if you cover the other side, the face of an inspired and noble dreamer emerges from the canvas. That is Strauss: an amazing and inexplicable compound of the great and the unworthy, the trivial and the sublime, of virtue and depravity—a grotesque and disturbing phenomenon: a being half gamin and half seer, a rogue as incorrigible as his own *Till Owlglass,* whose lips, though they utter blasphemies, have yet been touched with the sacred fire: a poet whose eyes behold apocalyptic visions while his hands play unspeakable pranks. The world has never seen his like. He has had no precursor; he is an anomaly—unanticipated, incomparable.

Is it strange that a new esthetic experiment by such a man should awaken lively interest? Certainly "Der Rosenkavalier," Strauss's first venture in the field of operatic comedy, is worthy of the curiosity it has excited. No one with the artistic resources of Strauss had ever before attempted a work of precisely this character, and "Der Rosenkavalier" has made a noisy progress through the operatic capitals since its première at Dresden three years ago. The Metropolitan Opera House has been closed to Strauss and all his works since the "Salome" excitement of seven

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years ago; but now he is—shall we say "triumphantly"?—reinstated there by Mr. Gatti-Casazza's admirable production of this remarkable work. For remarkable it surely is, whether you like it or not. A stage-piece that is part *opera-buffa,* part true comedy; that is at times delicately and truly touching, and at times uproariously farcical; that is set to a score as intricate and sophisticated as the most ingenious of modern musicians could make it; that poses a tonal climax of portentous magnitude against a waltz as light-hearted as any that ever came out of Vienna; that reminds you one moment of the Wagner of "Tristan," and the next moment of Mendelssohn, and the next of ancient Italian opera, and the next of Mozart, and the next of the most ingenuous of folk-songs, and the next of Johann Strauss—a work such as this is not met with at every turn of the way.

It is not easy to make up one's mind whether Strauss has in this score given us a masterpiece or an artistic failure. The libretto of Hugo von Hoffmansthal is diverting, adroit, and salacious. The humor is at times finely conceived and finely rendered; at other times it is mere ponderous Teutonic horseplay—as when that pompous and ridiculous Silenus, the *Baron Ochs auf Lerchenau,* falls off the sofa upon which he has been stretched by a sword-scratch in his duel with *Octavian.* The libretto, as a whole, is a hodge-podge—a gaily inconsequential mixture of sentiment and farce, satire and horseplay. It is sadly lacking in homogeneity and rectitude, and it is far too long. But it would be a dour soul indeed who could not find pleasure in its wit, its pretty sentiment, its freshness, its cheerful audacity, its hilarious fun. And that is true of the music of Strauss, which, also, has wit, sentiment, and audacity. It is at all points the score of a master. It is superb in its skill, its finish, its resourcefulness, its unflagging virtuosity. It could have proceeded from no other brain and hand but Strauss's. You listen to the commonplace love-duo of the facilely amorous *Octavian* and his *Sophie* in the second act, and you say, aghast at its futile commonness: Strauss and Strauss alone would have done this; you listen to the lovely trio in the last act, so fragrant and so vivid in its beauty, and you say, entranced: Strauss and Strauss only could have done this. That is typical of the score: on the one hand, passages of sonorous emptiness, labored futility, bald and tormenting triviality;

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on the other hand, passages full of humor, passion, gaiety, tenderness, eloquence, and an uncanny gift of musical characterization—the marvelous delineative gift that had already been evidenced in the symphonic poems; at all points a miraculous and inerrant artistry. The score of a master, yes; but not always a masterly score.

The Metropolitan has mounted the opera with prodigal sumptuousness, and has cast it excellently. The *Princess* of Frieda Hempel is delightful in its poise and authority; Margarete Ober makes *Octavian* (the "Rosenkavalier") a very dashing and magnetic young cavalier indeed; and it is not easy to imagine a more winsome and arch and naïve and wholly charming *Sophie* than Anna Case. As for the delicious *Baron Ochs* of Otto Goritz, that is an achievement of very nearly flawless art. Mr. Hertz—always a prodigy of fervor and devotion—conducted the work with affectionate care, great skill, and undaunted enthusiasm.

It is not always possible for us in America to receive with a grateful heart the products of the British stage; but we who are living through the current dramatic season in New York can hardly fail to be truly thankful for at least two such importations. For one thing, we have encountered Mr. Cyril Maude; and, for another thing, we have encountered that most delightful of all myths, "General John Regan."

It is good to see a comedian who is not only technically adroit, but who has an abundant and creative sense of character. The American stage is richly supplied with comedians whose technique is ample for the sort of rôles with which they have elected to identify themselves, but who either cannot or will not occupy themselves with more than a single type of part. It is an old complaint, and the apparition of Mr. Maude on the historic stage of Wallack's gives point to it. Mr. Maude has been seen here (not counting his fragmentary impersonation in W. W. Jacobs's curtain-raiser, "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler") in three parts, as dissimilar as they could well be. His lovable, ineffectual, tender-hearted, self-sacrificing, modestly heroic *Captain Christopher Bingham,* in Marshall's creakingly antiquated play, "The Second in Command" (surely one of the worst plays still enduring in the theater), is as utterly different from his rapaciously amatory and invincibly cheerful old sea dog, *Captain James Barley* in "Beauty and the Barge," as they

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are both different from that irascible virtuoso of detection whom he shows you in "Grumpy." Each is a portrait of complete veracity and extraordinary saliency, and they have no traits in common. You are at a loss to say which is the part most congenial to Mr. Maude, and most characteristic of him—in fact, you do not think of or remember Mr. Cyril Maude, versatile and expert comedian, at all; you think of and remember the unfortunate and lovable *Major Bingham,* the delightfully irritable *Grumpy,* the irresistible philanderer of the "Heart and Hand," with his unwearying pursuit of Beauty and his persuasive apology therefore: "affability, that's what it is with me—not harm: too much affability."

As for "General John Regan," it is a difficult matter to speak with moderation of Canon Hannay's delicious comedy; nor is it necessary, for the play has been made widely known, and those who have not savored in the theater its conquering humor,—that is both mellow and caustic,—its graphic and racy portraiture, and the rich flavor of its satire, have had opportunity to enjoy them in print. Yet the play lives completely, of course, only on the stage, and it should be seen at the Hudson Theater by all those who care for the finer sort of comedy. There they will witness a production of this delectable little play that could not easily be bettered, with Arnold Daly as the unterrified *O'Grady,*—imperturbable, unctuous, dazzlingly resourceful,—and with the other parts superlatively well done. A memorable comedy, a memorable performance!

It was not at all surprising that the citizens of Delhi, Iowa, should have looked askance at Inez de Pierrefond when she came among them as the fiancée of John Hemingway, bringing with her a trunkful of very thin, very clinging, very modish Paris gowns, a decided foreign accent, a cosmopolitan ease of manner, and certain theories and convictions regarding what Delhi spoke of, in horrified accents, as "free love." For Delhi soon found out that Inez purposed to live with John without going through the legal and ecclesiastical formalities that are usual in Delhi and elsewhere as a preliminary to that step. Inez, it will be seen, was a person holding views that Delhi called "not quite nice," and which even less Puritanical and circumscribed communities might have called "advanced." The moral censors of

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Delhi did not discover until later—not, in fact, until Inez, in a proud and contemptuous and scathing outburst, told them so herself — that she believed it possible for a man and woman to live together, with honor and mutual respect, even though no clergyman, judge, magistrate, or alderman had spoken a few set words in their presence. For Inez, having already suffered through an unfortunate marriage with a brute, entertains the not wholly original belief that more sins are committed in marriage than out of it, and she will not again bind herself to any man, even the one whom she deeply loves and respects. How she finally comes to see that it will be nobler and less selfish to yield her convictions, and how fine an act of self-sacrifice she eventually performs, is very touchingly and beautifully indicated in Mr. William Hurlburt's admirable play, "The Strange Woman," at the Gaiety Theater—a play rich in truthful observation, pungent (though sometimes clumsily contrived) humor, telling wit, and apt characterization; a play in which the dramatist has written, for the most part, "with his eye on the object": a play that is based upon a true, courageous, and harmonious perception of life and human nature.

The part of *Inez de Pierrefond* is taken by Miss Elsie Ferguson, and we do not find it easy to describe her performance in terms that will seem less than extravagant. But when an actress with the intelligence, the adroitness, the personal loveliness, and the extraordinary and sovereign charm of Miss Ferguson achieves a rôle to which she is ideally suited, and which she graces with innumerable touches of imaginative sympathy and delicately heedful art, there is little for the responsive observer to do but indulge in what a great poet who was also a very bad critic called "the noble pleasure of praising."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

A DOZEN years ago or so, M. Guesde, then, as now, the leader of the French orthodox Socialists, remarked, apropos of M. Millerand's entrance into the French Cabinet, that while "Socialists formerly showed their devotion by dying at the barricades, now they are devoted up to the point of accepting a portfolio." On the other hand, M. Millerand was praised by the unorthodox for "jumping into the breach." It was plain even then that pure Socialist theory had been terribly ravaged by common sense. Everywhere Socialists were compromising with earthly means under the temptation of opportunity, and Marxism was no longer unspotted by the world. Even in Germany professed believers were at least on speaking terms with the "vampire that sucks the blood of the workingman." Socialism, in fact, had long since become a mere mundane business. As to the holding of office, M. Guesde was quite right. It was absurd that a man should try to take his Marxism with him into office, for the chances were ten to one that as an officeholder he would soon cease to yearn for the "revolution" which as a Marxist it was his duty to do. Yearning for one's own overthrow is uphill work.

It has been plain even to the casual observer during the past twenty years that any man who wanted to keep his Marxism pure ought to have gone away and lived alone with it. Very few Socialists have done this, and the result is that there is hardly any pure Marxism left in the world to-day. The only pure political party is an asymptotic party—that is to say, one that follows a line of policy which will not meet the affairs of men, how far so ever it be produced, for obviously no other course will escape the corruption of contact.

[1] *Marxism versus Socialism.* By Vladimir C. Simkhovitch, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1913.

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Guesdists, Impossibilists, Young Irrelevants, Malapropists, Inopportunists, whatever the names of those various and comparatively unearthly groups may be, have, no doubt, some high and almost inapplicable purpose, but they are not absolutely asymptotic, and so their Marxism is debased. As to the rank and file of Socialists, they have, according to Professor Simkhovitch, quite fallen away.

> The rank and file of the American and German Socialist parties claim to be Marxist, but even they are far less orthodox than they claim to be. They have toned down their Marxian doctrine as they have liberalized their policies. They have refrained from sacrilegiously revising Marx as a whole, but they have piously reinterpreted parts of his teaching—all with much loyalty to the memory of Marx, but with little respect for the intellectual consistency of the doctrine.

This pious reinterpretation is necessary because

> The Marxian doctrine, which helped the development of Socialism throughout the world as no other doctrine has, turned into a fetter, a trap, a pitfall from which there seems to be no escape. In the same compelling manner in which Marxism once assured its followers of the inevitability of the cataclysm and social revolution, precisely so does it indicate to-day their impossibility.

I doubt if Professor Simkhovitch's compact and lucid account of the matter will be of much interest to the partisan, for it is not in the least warlike or exciting. It lacks the passionate certitude on the subject of mankind as a whole to which we are accustomed even in light literature. He comes not to slay Marxism or to bury it, but merely to ascertain why it is "that so many of the Socialist thinkers are so arduously revising and reinterpreting their traditional doctrine, while others are grasping for a new one." For close students of contemporary Socialism, it will, I suppose, have little novelty. Its chief value is for those who, though inquisitive, are, like myself, a little lazy and have slept through a good many recent arguments. When summer brings its bitter and regular Socialist contentions and the French Disembodied Socialist is attacking the French Solidified Socialist, and the North German Orthodox is rebuking the South German Heterodox, and the South German Heterodox is answering back, I know at the time that the issue is important, but afterward somehow I am unable to recall the details. For, after all, the chief difficulty about latter-day Socialism is the difficulty of keeping awake. Take even so stirring a personage as Mr. Bernard Shaw.

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In a speech described as very remarkable (with a $500 prize offered for the best answer) occurs this somewhat stertorous language:

If you allow the purchasing power of one class to fall below the level of the vital necessities of subsistence, and at the same time allow the purchasing power of another class to rise considerably above it into the region of luxuries, then you find inevitably that those people with that superfluity determine production to the output of luxuries, while at the same time the necessities that are wanted at the other end cannot be sold, and are therefore not produced.

This led no man toward Socialism and drove no man away. It led him only to some drowsy recollections of John Stuart Mill. Such words can never change the listener's position, but, on the other hand, are apt to settle him almost too comfortably in his present seat. One remains awake so long as Mr. Shaw shows that present society is ridiculous; but the moment he begins to prove that a Shavian society would be less so the eyelids close.

It would be hard to find so clear and impartial a statement of Marxian doctrine as Professor Simkhovitch has compressed into the two opening chapters of his volume. He places the emphasis where it belongs. The Marxian philosophy does not stand or fall with the labor theory of value.

It is quite true that his theory of value is the central theory upon which his economic analysis of the capitalistic system rests—in short, the foundation of his economic doctrine; but this theory plays no rôle whatsoever in his Socialistic doctrine, which purports to be nothing more than a demonstration that Socialism is inevitable.

The essential point in Marx's teaching is the "economic interpretation of history." He held that in every period of history the prevailing mode of production and exchange determined the social structure. It alone explains the past and decides the future.

Freeman and slave, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guildmaster and journeyman—in a word, oppressor and oppressed—stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight—a fight that each time ended either in a revolutionary reconstruction of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes.

Feudalism gave way to the régime of the bourgeoisie, and this in turn will give way to the régime of the proletariat.

Modern society, having called into existence unparalleled means of exchange and gigantic means of production, is like the sorcerer who can no

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longer cope with the powers of the nether world which his incantations have conjured up.

There was no need of any world-reformer to bring the change about. The revolution was inevitable. At one pole was the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, and at the other pole was the increasing misery of the great mass of mankind. The absolutely certain result was the "expropriation of the expropriators." History to Marx was merely the record of class struggles. The increase of the general misery, the disappearance of the middle class, the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, the increasing anarchy of competitive production, the increasing frequency of commercial crises, clearly indicated that the revolution was at hand. Marxism was the philosophy of impending revolution.

In their faith in the approaching *dies irae* Marx and his followers did not differ from the Second Adventists. Nearly every commercial depression since 1850 was heralded by them as the beginning of the end of capitalism. If they did not, like the Millerites, attire themselves in white ascension robes to meet the coming of the Day, it was because their ritual was different. They did notify the proletarians of all lands to "get ready." In 1896 the International Socialist Congress passed the following resolution: "The economic and industrial development is going on with such rapidity that a crisis may occur within a comparatively short time. The Congress, therefore, impresses upon the proletariat of all countries the imperative necessity of learning, as class-conscious citizens, how to administer the business of their respective countries for the common good." Socialist literature, both popular and scientific, has constantly dwelt on the coming collapse of the capitalist mode of production, for which conclusive proofs were always at hand.

The reasons why the Socialists are revising Marxism, or explaining it away, appear from the course of events during the last sixty years. In 1850, on seeing the model of an electric engine in London, Marx, "all flushed and excited," pronounced the economic revolution at hand, and believed the political revolution would soon follow. His rigid historical method led to similar predictions again and again. The impending revolution has been indefinitely postponed. And so with his other predictions—the small farmer has not been extinguished, but, on the contrary, has multiplied, the middle class instead of sinking into the proletariat has increased, the concentration of capital has not proceeded at the expected rate, the conditions of the working classes have improved, class struggles seem on the whole less acute,

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and commercial crises are less destructive. Professor Simkhovitch's little volume consists in the main of an orderly and moderate setting forth of these matters. It does not discredit Socialism as a faith, but only as a science.

Marxian Socialism calls itself "scientific Socialism" because of its economic interpretation of history. With the help of this method it claims to unveil to us the real story of the past; with the help of the same method it claims to reveal to us the future.

But the breaking down of the method does not diminish the splendor of the attempt, and Marx was, after all, a prophet in the older sense, a great spiritual leader, an inspirer of men. We have only to contrast him with the social soothsayers of our own time to realize it. Nowadays we have grown almost as used to social prophecy as to advertisements. A wonder-working air and an assurance that human nature will be uprooted in a few years have become a mere form of emphasis. When, for example, they started the People's Palaces in Paris, they declared it the final step in social regeneration. There were to be just three stages in social progress, said the augurs at the time: First, popular universities were to bring about the emancipation of the proletariat; second, the co-operation of ideas was to produce a convergence of efforts; third, People's Palaces were to insure social solidarity. After that was to come the period of bliss—constant, inexpugnable social bliss in equal shares for all. Education, convergence, solidarity, bliss—one, two, three, four—that was all there was to it. From the language of the founders one might have inferred that evil could be got rid of in about three weeks. There is nothing to hinder social prophecy, says Professor Simkhovitch, with exasperating mildness, "but there is also no guarantee of its fulfilment." One does not have to remain long in this battered old world to lay by a large fund of perfect certainty as to its non-fulfilment.

Reformers as a class seem never to understand the danger of over-statement. The reformer and his cause are like those embarrassing engaged couples who will not in the presence of visitors refrain from caresses. He seems to think the only way to advance a cause is to pay it outrageous compliments in public, counting on a degree of softness in the heads of the beholders that really is not to be found. Good, sensible little plans for a People's Palace, or an eight-hour law, or co-operative consumption, or uni-

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versity extension, or more comfortable clothes for women, never begin as mere good little plans. They begin as the dawns of new eras. Born and bred to this hyperbolical custom, with regeneration always in the wind, we have no difficulty in keeping our expectations completely under control. The Marxian prophetic example may have been bad for these lesser breeds of the present day, but of one thing we may be certain: If he were living to-day he would not by any chance be a Marxist, for in that case he would not be bearing the same intellectual ratio to the men and things of his time.

As to the part Marx really plays in present Socialism Professor Simkhovitch has this to say in the concluding pages of his book:

> Now that the Socialist parties have become in reality reform parties, they may become even tamer than they are to-day; but why should they give up the old phrases? Talk about the "social revolution" may sound fantastic, in view of the existing economic conditions and tendencies, but it is more than talk. The inevitable cataclysm and social revolution have a mystical quality, and hence they are assets. A social movement that is quite sensible, quite reasonable, is the wildest of all utopias. Such a movement can no more keep alive without faith than faith can keep alive without miracles, wrought or prophesied. The social revolution that is to come has all the essential characteristics of the standard miracle: it is to be sudden, and it is to be final. What element of the miraculous would there be in a slow but steady convalescence? And how unsatisfactory a miraculous cure would be if it had to be repeated! Social reform cannot arouse the passionate ardor that is kindled by the apocalyptic vision of the social cataclysm. The road to social reform is flat and dusty; the journey along it is hard and dull. It is a wise instinct, therefore, that moves the Socialists who have become social reformers to cling to the earlier vision and intone, as of old, their imprecatory psalms. But the contrast between their policies and their theories, between what they do and what they say, tempts one to say to them, inverting the Biblical quotation: "The hands are the hands of Jacob, but the voice is the voice of Esau."

F. M. Colby.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE THEORY OF SOCIAL REVOLUTIONS. By BROOKS ADAMS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1913.

Human intelligence hardly seems as yet to have reached such a degree of development as to make feasible the practical application of those abstract principles, such as they are, which may be drawn from history. Nations, it has been observed, have their periods of rise and decline; in art, supreme achievement is followed by decadence; in each era and in every form of activity similar causes are found at work producing similar effects with a kind of fatal regularity. Such, at least, is likely to be the view of the philosopher of history—often rather a grim prophet, who gives a dry and not too hopeful interpretation of the writing on the wall. Viewing progress as an affair of repeated phases, of actions and reactions, of ups and downs, he holds out little hope that philosophy will ever be able to make the human race march in a level line. He merely plots the curve of social tendencies.

It is the rise and conjectural fall of the capitalist class which Mr. Adams endeavors after a fashion to map out. This class, he believes, shows phenomena analogous to those exhibited in the past by other dominant classes. The inflexibility of the capitalists and their alleged assertion of superiority to the law are not, it would seem, fundamentally different from the attitude of the French aristocrats at the time of the Revolution. Not that we are likely to have in this country an immediate or violent overthrow of the established order. Nor are the capitalists themselves, in Mr. Adams's view, other than conscientious men. It is simply that as the dominant class they have reached, or are reaching, the summit beyond which lies the declining slope—a slope that may be gradual or abrupt. "Why," Mr. Adams inquires, "should a type of mind which has developed the highest prescience when advancing along the curve which has led it to ascendancy be stricken with fatuity when the summit of the curve is passed and when a miscalculation touching the velocity of the descent must be destruction?" The question, he thinks, admits of no definite, conclusive answer, though perhaps we may satisfy ourselves with the explanation that the mind of the ruling class becomes in time too highly specialized to permit of easy adaptation to new conditions.

In America, the trend toward social revolution has gone on subject to two principal influences: the rapid change in material conditions that has taken place during the last two centuries, and the peculiar American legal system. It is with the latter of these two factions that Mr. Adams is chiefly concerned. Elaborately, by parable and precedent, he seeks to show that a profound error was committed by the founders of the Republic when they

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set up courts, vested with the power of interpreting a written constitution, to act as a "barrier to the encroachments and oppressions of the representative body." Now history, as Mr. Adams interprets it, seems to show that courts are debarred by their very nature from effectively performing any such function, and that in their attempt to do so they have always tended both to undermine order and to immolate themselves. Moreover, in this country, the courts, under the pressure of industrial developments and through the extension of the doctrine of "Police Power" have taken upon themselves more and more the character of legislative chambers, as indicated by expressions of judicial opinion from the early decisions of Marshall down to the celebrated "rule of reason." Nowadays, Mr. Adams avers, "whether it be the regulation of rates and prices, of hours of labor, of the height of buildings, of municipal distribution of charity, of flooding a cranberry bog, or of prescribing to sleeping-car porters duties regarding the lowering of upper berths—in questions great and small—the courts vote upon the reasonableness of the use of the Police Power, like any old-fashioned town meeting." Thus, with us, the courts are placed just where the strain is greatest, while in England and in France there is no class jealousy touching the control of the judiciary.

Mr. Adams's book aims at the widest possible generalization. In reading it we feel that in large part we are reabsorbing ideas that we have already assimilated, but in a new order and in a new context. The treatise has the eminent merit of presenting its thesis philosophically, with no connotation of politics or of special doctrine—least of all does Mr. Adams believe in the judicial recall—and the author's thoroughness and largeness of view can hardly fail to promote clearness of thought on the subject with which he deals. Yet we should be slow to admit that he has proved his point conclusively; and such disquisitions leave us with the feeling that, whatever the prophets say, we must struggle on, in the future as in the past, through experiment, compromise, and faith.

HERE ARE LADIES. By JAMES STEPHENS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1913.

This gallimaufry of Mr. Stephens's is never less than enlivening and sometimes it is pure joy. For sheer delight in elaborate, fanciful nonsense nothing could exceed the twelve discourses of the "Old Man" in that section of the book which is entitled "There is a Tavern in the Town." These should be read as they seem to have been written, at a gallop, and they may be so read without loss, for despite their overflowing garrulity, their fantasy, and their verbal acrobatics, they are as clear and coherent as the Declaration of Independence. The only literary personage who occurs to one as really akin to the Old Man in vitality and ingenuity is the White Knight in *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, though the Knight was gently melancholy, while the Old Man is unquenchably cheerful. In the latter, there is, moreover, a pleasant human touch of "My Grandfather Squeers."

Throughout the book Mr. Stephens's style gives us in profusion the quick, bright realizations of poetry as well as of wit. Obviously it is ungrateful to find fault with a performance which adds, as this does, no little to human gaiety; but it may be permissible to inquire whether the

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whimsical spirit as an expression of mood and literary facility does not in some instances become a trifle frantic. The care-free and youthful spirit is a fine thing in its way. We can all agree with the dictum that "a young dog is a piece of early morning disguised in an earthly fell," and the man who can resist his contagion is as bad as Mr. Stephens says he is. But when sorrowful, or angry, or bored, or otherwise tragic men or women are the subjects, Mr. Stephens's manner seems a trifle too cavalier. The man who happens to detest his mother or his wife is not an altogether entertaining part of the human spectacle; and while we need not insist that all art be either conscientiously realistic or else ideal, it seems right to ask that what is fanciful shall not be painful and that serious things be treated in the sober spirit of real life. Possibly the sad folk do not seem very real to Mr. Stephens, the only real things being the joyous things; yet it strikes us a bit unwholesome to be playing with the pathos and humor of men's lives, as if human beings were quite unmoral and unreasoning; nor does it make all seem right to reflect that we may at any time turn away from human mistakes and miseries to look at the stars and the flowers. In all this there is something of that tendency to romantic unrestraint and to glorification of the unmoral which is not the healthiest way of reacting to the material and ethical severities of life. Escape into whimsical nonsense and pleasant fantasy is good; but a confusion of values must always be bad.

THE ASSURANCE OF IMMORTALITY. By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1913.

The value of Mr. Fosdick's book lies, first, in his clear comprehension of the common state of mind regarding the possibility of survival, and next in his power of lucidly and suggestively setting forth the simplest and most permanent grounds of belief. He begins by pruning away misapprehensions, and when he comes to a statement of what little can be said with assurance, that little proves far more convincing than we might have anticipated.

Science, he points out, has shattered old forms of faith, and with admirable but mistaken courage men, by minimizing the importance of personal survival, have adapted themselves to the new intellectual conditions. It is sometimes hard nowadays to make people feel the significance of immortality. Mr. Fosdick does not believe that morality and civilization hinge upon this one doctrine, but he does show that the denial of future life leaves human existence rather bare and motiveless. All forms of merely imaginative or metaphorical survival—such as survival in the grateful memory of the living—are to him as nothing. Nor does the doctrine that human goodness is treasured up in the being of God content him. "A man's goodness," he argues, "is as inalienably his possession as greenness is the possession of a tree, and only when greenness can persist after the tree is gone can righteousness, abstracted from the personality whose function it is, fly unattached to be assimilated by another." Moreover, that virtue is its own reward cannot be maintained in those cases in which men sacrifice their lives for conscience' sake; for he who is annihilated in an instant receives no reward at all. And even "character" is a

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comparatively meaningless term unless character has an opportunity for endless effort toward perfection.

Most people of an agnostic or pessimistic turn of mind approach the question of the possibility of survival from the wrong direction. They are afraid to believe in the spiritual and rational order of the universe, in the hope of individual survival. If it cannot be proved with mathematical certitude that the soul can exist without the body, every one at least should know that it cannot be disproved; and when it comes to a question of conceivability, it is far easier to regard the body as the instrument of the spirit than to explain the spirit as a product of the body. Science itself rests upon a foundation of faith—it takes the reasonableness of the universe within the scientific province for granted. If philosophy be allowed to carry the principle of reasonableness a step further, she will surely conclude that annihilation of personality is an impossible anomaly.

Mr. Fosdick has nothing new to present, nor does he deal in metaphysical speculations; but his book, with its straightforward appeal to the average point of view, will perhaps accomplish more than those of a more hair-splitting kind.

A CHANGED MAN. By THOMAS HARDY. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1913.

Those stories of actual experience which are treasured in the quieter communities, where people have leisure to observe individual lives and to reflect upon them—those tales which are treasured and retold because of a certain poignancy and a feeling of truth that inheres in them—nearly always contain an element of what may be called probable improbability. We do not say of them, "This inevitably would occur," although we may be able to see with peculiar clearness how naturally it all did take place: rather we say, "This, though strange enough, is the sort of thing that is always happening; it is somehow characteristic of life." And in the tales by Thomas Hardy published in the volume called *A Changed Man*, one feels the same poignancy, the same conviction of truth inhering in an exceptional train of events, as in the true story that hits home.

Every crisis, every transition or change of mood, in these tales touches some nerve in us that has vibrated before, to the strain of waiting, perhaps, or to the tingle of a hope that is half repressed, or to that curious sort of surprise a man may feel when he confesses a wrong or makes a significant discovery and feels no immediate effect—yet presently he is aware of a subtle but great change in his relation to the rest of the world. Moreover, each story as a whole resembles what is most significant in life, in that it makes us conscious of helplessness to foretell the outcome; yet after the event comes the thought, "From the beginning I knew it must be so."

Much has been written of Thomas Hardy's art and of the purposive building of his tales. Not to speak of architectural symmetry, what most strikes the reader who is critically disposed, in this new book of tales, is the fact that their unity is structural; that it is not—as so often is the case in modern fiction—a mere unity of mood. Needless to say, Hardy's mode of thought has never had anything in common with that which assumes that

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it matters not how life be falsified, so long as the writer succeeds in being whimsical throughout, or melancholy throughout, or merry, or moralistic, or what not. He has never been content with the unity that is conferred by mere atmosphere or by obsession with a certain type of character. The unity of his tales is the unity of imaginative truth: and imaginative truth, like particular truth (which is not mere exactness), speaks for itself. One man tells a true story, and we keep doubting and testing his assertions. Another tells a tale, no truer—less probable, it may be—and we believe and are impressed. So it is with all that Hardy has written; his words have the accent of truth.

Further, it needs to be said only that the tales in *A Changed Man* are so characteristically Hardy as almost to raise the question whether the three or four part story is not for him a more effective and natural form of expression even than the longer and more elaborate novel. In them one sees sooner than in a novel the shape and direction of the narrative. Color and picturesqueness are concentrated, as they are when an artist puts forth all his thought and skill upon a small canvas. So that, after reading *A Changed Man* one will find that never before has one felt the Wessex Country to be so real. The stories exemplify Hardy's varied power. "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid" is a unique study—a fairy tale from the milkmaid's point of view, and as such delicately charming, but from the reader's point of view a convincing bit of life as well. Hardy in just this mood is rare. Similar, but with a difference, is "What the Shepherd Saw," which, making use of moonlight trysts, picturesque backgrounds, and the effect of haunting mystery that belongs to an old tale, transforms what might have been an old-fashioned drama of jealousy into a convincing semblance of life. "Alicia's Diary" rivals Meredith's "Claire's Diary" for pathos. "A Tryst in an Ancient Earthwork" is a curious but well-attuned blending of amusing irony and impressive description. And so one might go on. Each story has some distinctive trait; none has the least suggestion of self-imitation—the effort to do again what was done successfully before. And all are typically Hardy.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SCHOOLMA'AM AND SCHOOLMASTER

CONCORD, MASS.

SIR,—After I had written the first part of the following, I read your editorial in the November NORTH AMERICAN, and was delighted to find we had been thinking along the same lines. I hope you will be interested in what I have to say.

I was for twenty years a teacher in New York, of Political Economy and Social Statics, and that, of course, brought a deep interest in politics, or would have done so if I had not been brought up in a family that has cared for such things since our country was settled.

I am a woman of seventy, and remember the elections that were so contested, as we thought at that primitive moment, of Pierce and later of Buchanan, with all its deep meaning. Then came the great election of Lincoln that brought us face to face with issues of death and life to our country. Then the second election, when our hearts were heavy with anxiety. The next great moment was when Cleveland stood for other needed steps forward and for honesty in public life, and we won the day. So I may call myself a Lincoln Republican and a Cleveland Democrat, welcoming good from any man, Democrat or Republican!

And on that basis I make these friendly criticisms of President Wilson.

First, the man himself. Is he disinterested? It is difficult to say what he could be working for now in the way of self-aggrandizement, as he has reached the highest thing in the gift of the American people, but he has the strange quality in his mind, it seems to me, which characterized Gladstone and made so many peoople doubt his sincerity. There is a twist somewhere, but I don't know its name. He is opinionated, obstinate, and curiously unwilling to consult or take counsel on equal terms.

Sometimes I think the whole key to certain things in his nature is that he has intellectual arrogance, and arrogance of any kind is forbidden fruit to human nature. I think he has the same quality of self-deception that Gladstone had. Of course, the consciousness of being right would lay upon him the imperative necessity to force his measures, and that is really my greatest anxiety concerning him. Now, go back to his governorship of New Jersey; I thoroughly disapproved of his course as regards Senator Martine. He brought all his influence to bear upon the Legislature which was unwilling, and forced it to send him as Senator. In saying this I remember all the details, that he was chosen by the Primaries, but Wilson's conduct blunted the distinction between the legislative and the executive, just as his present course is doing.

I have always been a Tariff Reformer, and must express my hearty satisfaction at the passing of the best Tariff Law since the Walker Bill,

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and also my full recognition of Mr. Wilson's wise and determined action. But I think his coercive power strained the limit of the executive prerogative to the vanishing-point. He has brought the same pressure to bear in connection with the Currency Bill, and would have forced it through in its original and crude form but for the organized opposition of the intelligent group whose business it is to understand the difficulties and intricacies of currency legislation.

We cannot afford in a Republic to pass unchallenged this assumption of power, which is, as you know, latent in our Constitution. His open charge or uncontradicted theories of men lobbying against his measures, and unwillingness, until really beaten, to allow consideration of the opinions of bankers whose business it is to understand banking conditions throughout the whole land, whose interest is the interest of the whole community; to ignore those opinions until forced by public opinion to consider them, is unworthy a statesman. The thing I have most against him, however, is his class legislation, certainly inconsistent with true patriotism and true democracy. He is feeling it necessary to excuse himself in connection with his signing the Bill containing the exemption of Labor Unions from the appropriation in connection with the Sherman Act. That was class legislation of the most outrageous character, because, in spite of his disclaimer, the Bill put our Government on record as condoning criminal violence; it made a class apart from the rest of the community. Now, I do not believe this was even a tacit bargain with Gompers, but it showed certainly a great lack of moral delicacy.

Then, I don't believe in his class taxation, discriminating, un-American, and un-republican. The tax should begin at one thousand dollars, and be the same on the extremest income. Under these circumstances it could be small enough to weigh very slightly upon the poorer people like ourselves, and yet each citizen could be made to feel his or her responsibility for lavish expenditure or for waste. As it is, the great body of the electorate thinks itself free from this special tax, the great body of voters, and sees gladly the burden of the support of the Government thrown upon another group which, whatever may have been the way in which some of the fortunes have been made, still consists of the class that has through initiative, enterprise, self-control, and thrift, furnished the capital—the money capital as well as much of the intellectual capital—which has built up this wonderful country. It needs money, just cash, to do this, and some of the work had to be done quickly. I remember especially the building of the first transcontinental railway, and how difficult it was to finance it. There was not money enough to be gotten at, and so the Government made certain concessions of land. But the question to the people of my generation was a pretty tremendous one; it was the keeping the Pacific coast in the Union, and making possible the binding together the country for our War of Emancipation. It is not morally right to put a law on the statute-books that so discriminates and divides.

Now, for Mexico. I think in the beginning he felt right about it, but, as is his way, his right idea has swollen! It would always be a question just where was our right or wisdom of interference. But he has carried it too far. Whatever government exists in a country is in reality by the consent of the governed, and is probably truly repre-

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sentative of the average intellectual and moral condition. Mexico is undoubtedly a country with disorganized and mutinous forces that can be best governed despotically by one of their own people, and the idea of a republic is probably purely imitative. It will be only out of conditions of increasing order, or with time to breathe, that solidity will come. I think Wilson's attitude of dictating what kind of an election, with what kind of result, is again in defiance of the democratic ideal, and is calculated to bring uneasiness in other southern communities.

It seems inexplicable on any basis that he should have chosen a comparatively unknown man who speaks no Spanish and knows nothing about Spanish-American traditions, instead of seeking carefully for a man with real intellectual prestige, familiar with language and civilization, who would have been accepted by the whole world, including Mexico, as a man with whom to take counsel. This question, the most delicate that has come up in our day, he has intrusted to the average man chosen, as they say, because he was one of the great Bryan's henchmen. I don't see what blessing could have come from such inexperience.

As for the blows Wilson has dealt Civil Service Reform, all that is full of overwhelming surprise. There isn't a spoilsman throughout the country that doesn't feel encouraged. My only and my last hope here is that, when he has settled what he might consider more pressing things—he being what he calls himself, a "one-track mind"—he will take the whole Civil Service and give it the reconstruction from top to bottom which it has needed ever since our Civil War. Positions have been covered without examination, inefficients have been retained, veterans have crippled, spoilsmen have nibbled or taken bites, until the whole organization needs purification; but it must be done by some one who is a devoted advocate of the Merit System, who can be trusted to be without partisanship and without fear. Now, the chances are pretty even in my mind as to whether he is the man who can do it with judgment and balance, though he *may* be the man.

November 20th. Is there any theory as to who are the men with whom Wilson takes real counsel? Are they men who have shown the nation that they have experience, wisdom, balance, real knowledge of existing national and world conditions? In the past has it been the President's wont to seek advice from men of strong character and practical experience? If so, how can one account for the inexperience and second-rate qualities of the men whom he chooses as his associates and representatives? I suppose one must feel that, never mind how high and disinterested the motives and theories of the President of the United States, in moments of such delicacy as the Mexican situation the success in large part depends upon the quality of men he selects as his representatives. Now, it occurred to me yesterday, in quite a clear way, that the fact of Wilson being an educated man himself has confused our theory of his characteristics. Is it that he really, perhaps unknown to himself, has spun back to one of the ideals of the French Revolution, the equal power of all men to deal well with complex situations, believing that the average man picked up at the street-corner has in him as much ability to judge questions as the specialist who may have devoted an entire life to the consideration of the matter? That on every subject dealing with political economy, so subtle and far-reaching, the average man is as skilled as the man who has trained himself to judge such matters; that the aver-

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age man can understand the intricacies of Banking, of Currency Bills, of Taxation, as well as the man whose life has been spent in the practical consideration of these things? Does he believe the average man, with good intentions, is really the fitting representative of our civilization when we are called upon to arrange delicate treaties and understandings that concern great nations such as Russia, with the complicated race persecution and trade relations?

Again, are men of the Bryan type congenial to him, and is his theory that he finds in men like Bryan, and those whom he allows Bryan to select, the true type of the national consciousness which is to be allowed its full and public expression? That the majority is now, at last, to have its full representation through the choice of our President of the instruments with which he works?

Of course, we have begun to see only too clearly that Primaries, Conventions, Elections have filled our offices with the average man, who receives his training as he "goes along," and learns his experience at the expense of a high standard in public life and with the wasteful misusing of the taxpayer's money. Our better instruments have been largely the men chosen or appointed, as a sort of filtration of representation, to Commissions, on Boards, or to the Bench. Now, Wilson's theory is to discriminate against the expert, to appoint the same sort of man as that chosen by the electorate. The people of my generation realize, for we have seen so much change of opinion during the past sixty years, that now, and only now, for the first time, is the democratic idea so thoroughly expressed in the French Revolution, appearing as the recognized method of governmental selection.

L. M. PERKINS.

"INTENSIVE" FARMING.

JACKSONVILLE, TEXAS.

SIR,—In a letter in your November issue, a writer signing herself Catherine M. Tainst, describes the suffering and disappointment of the poor homesteaders in the cold Northwest and pertinently asks what we are going to do about this question of helping our citizens to acquire a home of their own. There is no question that this is the most important subject to be considered by the thinking public to-day.

The conditions your correspondent speaks of have been brought about more by ignorance than anything else, and if we are to accomplish any permanent good in this quarter we must strike at the root of this trouble.

First, we must all realize that farming is a science or rather a collection of applied sciences, and that even though one should devote all his life to the study of the subject there is a vast amount of knowledge for him to learn. And after learning the secrets of soil chemistry, plant breeding, and stock raising, the modern farmer without a ready market, easy of access both for buying supplies and selling his products, finds himself under a handicap sufficiently strong to neutralize all his success in the production departments. This question of markets is the one which caused the failure of these Western homesteaders, for who without capital to operate upon and situated nineteen miles from market could expect to succeed?

Now in Texas we are meeting this question by urging "intensive" rather

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than extensive methods of farming, and we have thousands of prosperous families, owners of their homes and making $1,000 or more cash every year from farms of ten to forty acres.

Our Boys' Corn Clubs and Girls' Tomato Clubs are doing a great work, one county alone having an enrolment of sixteen hundred boys under eighteen years of age who are studying all the latest methods of corn production, and this year a fifteen-year-old boy has taken the first prize Silver Trophy Cup at the Dallas State Fair for a yield of one hundred and thirty-six bushels of corn per acre.

Of course we have no free home to offer, because our best land in East Texas has all been taken up. But many large landowners sell small tracts to people who mean business without any payment down, and frequently one crop of fruit or truck pays for the land. Our Social Center movement is intended to help draw communities closer together, and by using the district schoolhouses as centers, the grown people are enabled to learn as well as the children—not only the literary branches, but all the sciences which are of so much value to development. These furnish as well a forum for debate on public questions, and we are getting results right here at home.

Sincerely,

A. S. WHITTEN.

"THE CRISIS IN CONSTITUTIONALISM": A REPLY.

ATHENS, OHIO.

SIR,—The article by ex-Ambassador David Jayne Hill on the "Crisis in Constitutionalism" is as able a presentation of the case from the conservative point of view as could be written. But it seems to me a mistaken assumption to take for granted that at some particular period of a people's history a number of men can formulate a series of political principles or set up a code of morals with such far-seeing prescience that it will stand for all time. The Constitution of the United States was adopted by a relatively small proportion of the voters entitled to the franchise. It was, no doubt, the best they could do at the time. Yet the document embodies a number of compromises. What is an inalienable right? Was not the right of the people of the South to their slaves as nearly inalienable as any right could be? If many of them forfeited this right by engaging in rebellion, why were those persons deprived of them who remained loyal to the Union? Many of the estates of Great Britain are held under grants made by a sovereign centuries ago when the property of the Church was confiscated. Strictly speaking, permanent possession was not guaranteed by the English Constitution because there is no such document; but precedent has the same force. Which is the more unjust, that the public should compensate the holders of these estates, if it takes them in whole or in part, at their present value, or take them without compensation on the ground that they were virtually plunder? There will be more or less injustice if either of these alternatives is adopted. It cannot be said that a constitution is hastily changed when the voters have had opportunity to inform themselves on the proposed innovations. While there is some danger that the hasty amendment of a constitution may work injustice, there is no less danger in making amendment unduly difficult. Government has nowhere as yet passed beyond the experimental stage.

CHARLES W. SUPER.

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